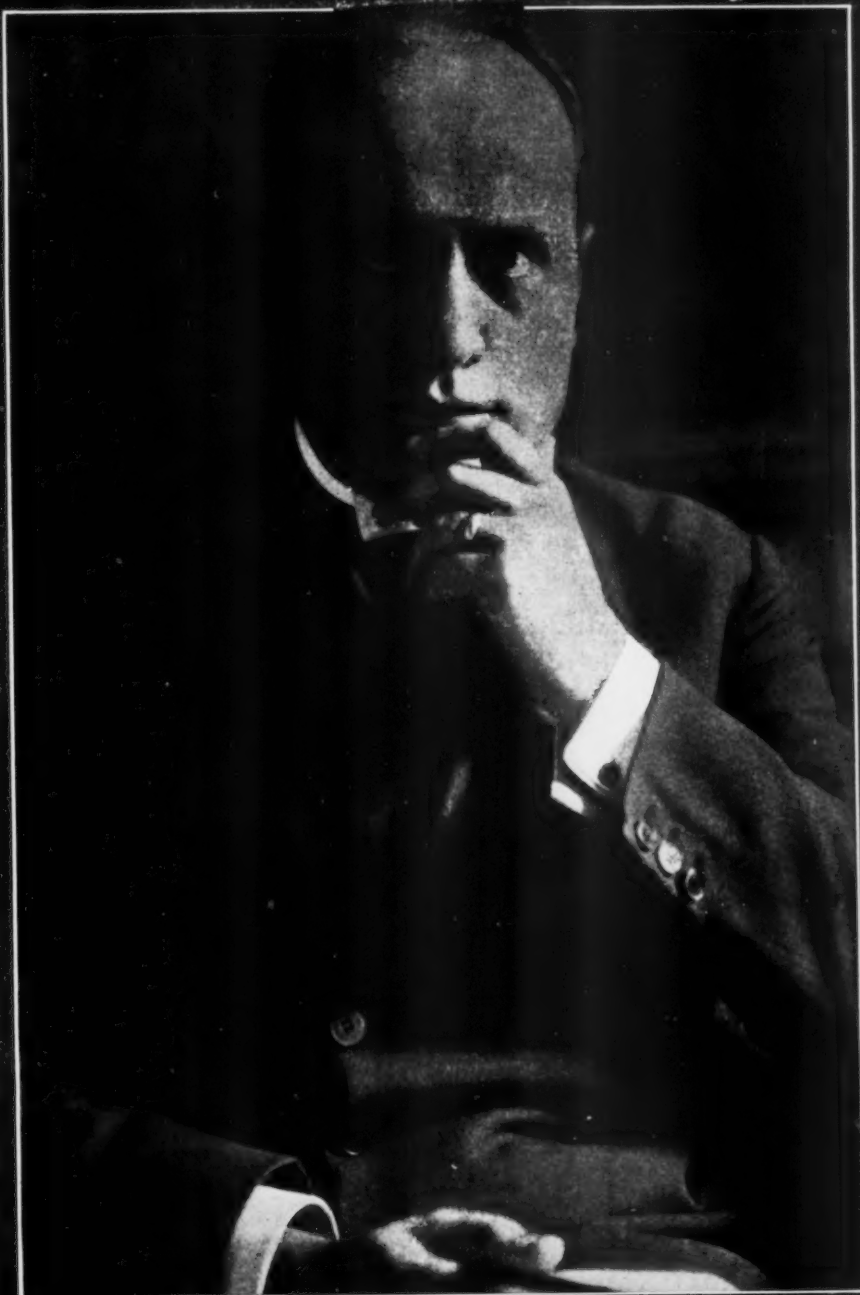


BRAVO MUSSOLINI! SATURDAY REVIEW

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He took his vorpal sword in hand ;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Slave-driving Crook, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as he came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left him dead, and with his head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Slave-Driving Crook?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

Reprinted from the "Evening News."

ACCOUNT RENDERED

"**M**R. BALDWIN'S Government, from the very highest motives, endorsed by the country at the General Election, has, without helping Abyssinia at all, got France into grievous trouble which has to be compensated by the precise engagement of our armed forces."

In these words Mr. Winston Churchill exactly sums up the results of Britain's determined but misguided efforts to make the League of Nations work.

To say that our passion for collective action has failed to help Abyssinia is an under-statement. The League encouraged the Abyssinians to defy Italy when a policy of concession would have been far wiser. And, after hostilities had commenced, the League, by its ineffectual policy of sanctions, encouraged the Emperor to believe that something practical was being done to offset Italian supremacy in the field.

Even when it was obvious that sanctions would achieve nothing, pro-League opinion, by scuppering the Hoare-Laval peace proposals, deprived Abyssinia of the chance to make far better terms with her conquerors than she will now be able to get.

With regard to France, public opinion in this country is too apt to forget her case and hear only the paroxysms of fear and anger with which the French infelicitously receive every attempt to compromise their quarrels with Germany. The fact remains that, by standing in with the League against Italy, France has estranged a valuable ally.

It may or may not be the case that Herr Hitler took advantage of that estrangement to remilitarise the Rhineland. It is the fact that, by siding with the League against Italy, France has seriously weakened her vis-a-vis Germany.

It is equally true that this country has been compelled to offer doubtfully valuable compensation, of which the Staff Talks are the outward and visible manifestation. Nominally these have resulted from Germany's breach of the Locarno Treaty. Actually it is the League's futile attempts to coerce Italy that have brought them about.

For Haile Selassie, the loss of his Empire, for France the loss of an immensely valuable entente, for Britain more precise military commitments on the Continent, danger in the Mediterranean and loss of prestige all round—such are the fruits of our high-minded but utterly futile pursuit of Geneva idealism.

And we are to continue to pursue it.

Geneva led us to pursue the will-of-the-wisp of Disarmament and left us floundering defenceless in an ocean of arms. Geneva led us to pursue sanctions and now leaves us, disliked and discredited, to make good by hasty rearmament what we have lost by policy.

But still our perilous infatuation for the siren of collective security persists. "We want," said Mr. Baldwin on Saturday, "the Covenant of the League to become the law of the world."

Surely it is time that we abandoned these pipe-dreams and wanted something that we can get, and that will do the world some real good!

Reprinted from the "Observer."

Words of Wisdom

By J. L. Garvin

DESPITE sanctions, the former Ethiopian Empire is dead. The Italians are sweeping into the heart of Abyssinia proper. Their victories in the last few weeks have been beyond their dreams. It is a wonderful tale. The true account should help the British people to realise how they have been bamboozled and misled. Look back. Look back through four months from the pitch of delusion to the shabby disenchantment of to-day. It is an almost unbelievable story. In the egregious week before Christmas the Hoare-Laval proposals were wrecked by a fatuous stampede in the House of Commons. They were better proposals for Abyssinia, Britain, and for the wire-worked League itself, than could offer again.

Confused by dissension and panic, the Cabinet turned tail. The late Foreign Secretary resigned. He followed that signal act of public courage by as memorable a speech of warning. The Sanctionists of all colours and stripes were still too blind. For weeks and weeks more they flattered themselves to the top of their bent.

Badoglio takes Command—the Great Reorganisation

Before the Hoare-Laval plan, Italy's foremost soldier, Marshal Badoglio, had been appointed to take over the supreme command in East Africa. Italian reorganisation began. It began with a determination and thoroughness wholly misunderstood by our complacent oracles.

Old General de Bono had opened strongly in northernmost Abyssinia. The size and complexities of the job soon grew beyond him. In spite of heroic road-building, chaos threatened his communications, partly jammed by traffic, partly littered with repairs. It had taken him the better part of two months to achieve the short, rough distance from Adowa to Makale. He was fettered by gathering Abyssinian masses in the mountain ranges along his right flank. At this rate General de Bono never would reach Addis Ababa, over 300 miles from Makale, nor even Dessie. Mark the name. That half-way position is a strategic master-key.

At the end of November Badoglio took over and imposed an iron silence. He never broke it except

by the briefest and driest of public messages until he had done a mighty work of preparation. The Duce likewise had the blunt courage to tell his people at the end of 1935 that a prolonged pause was absolutely necessary. This competent candour was called a damaging "admission" by our happy commentators. "Pause" also they spelt with inverted commas.

Towards the middle of January they reviewed the situation, as they supposed it to stand after a hundred days of war. What did they say? They estimated that the Italians, already hindered by the little rains, would be paralysed and jeopardised by the annual deluge in early summer. At the best Badoglio could do nothing much for nearly a year. Italian fighting-power, meanwhile, would be undermined by sanctions. Knuckling under to Geneva and the Negus would have to be the finish of it. The inner counsels of Rome, it was said, were full of gloom. The rumour ran that Badoglio in his turn had already proved a helpless failure in a hopeless task; and that he, too, was about to be recalled!



That was three months ago—just before the whole fabric of sanctionist credulity began to sway and crash under the pounding Italian hammer-blows, which have made an end of the former Ethiopian Empire.

First Act—Graziani Destroys Ras Desta

The first blow came in the south. General Graziani, though a born fighter, had been held up pending reinforcements of men, munitions, and transport. His left flank near Dolo seemed to be ominously menaced by Ras Desta with 50,000 men.

Our dear Sanctionists speculated that this force might invade southern Somaliland itself and drive the Italians to the sea.

On January 12th Graziani fell on Ras Desta; smashed up his front in the valleys of the Dava and the Ganale Doria; and annihilated his army by battle and pursuit. For a fortnight, with mechanised speed, the victors swept on and on up the Dava river to Neghelli, 240 miles from Dolo. A flying column reached Wadara, forty miles further again. The Italians made enormous captures of arms, munitions, cattle, sheep, stores of all kinds. The chiefs and notables of the Galla Boran hated their Abyssinian tyrants. They made ready submission to the new conquerors. Towards the end of January, Graziani was halted by distance, rain, and rising mountains; but in the south he had cleared his left flank for good; and won the larger part of the area conceded to Italy by the Hoare-Laval proposals.

Some of our Sanctionists said—they would—that Ras Desta had done it on purpose. Others were brought by degrees to recognise the brilliancy and extent of Graziani's feat. But they clung the closer to their major delusion. They prophesied that the more portentous problems in the north were insoluble except by a "long war"—which sanctions might well prevent the Italians from waging.

♦♦

The Greater Task and Triumph

That noble genius the Emperor, we were told, still held the initiative. "He strikes as he likes." He was represented as a Solomon in counsel and a Fabius in the field. Did not Ras Imru's host near Aksum and Adowa haunt the Shiré range with impunity? The armies of Ras Seyyum and Ras Kassa—were they not impregnable in their terrible stronghold of Tembien, with its maze of crags and fissures; and growing every day more confident and aggressive? What could Badoglio do?

That masterly soldier held his hand and bided his hour. When he moved in earnest his notice was a thunderbolt. And it was but the first of a series. They burst up and swept away all Abyssinian forces and hopes. In less than ten weeks Badoglio has transformed the whole war. Everything considered, these astonishing operations rank beyond question as the greatest achievement of their kind in the annals of colonial campaigns.

♦♦

Second Act—Amba Aradam—The Key Battle

Monday, February 10th, saw the launching of an offensive calculated and executed with equal power.

Badoglio began by attacking straight ahead. There his advance along the great north road of Abyssinia, stretching on from Makale, was hugely



Princess Elizabeth, who was ten years old last Tuesday, riding in Windsor Great Park, with her father, the Duke of York.

blocked by Amba Aradam—a mighty massif five miles broad and towering 9,000 feet high. The caverns of this natural citadel were the headquarters of Ras Mulugheta, a hapless veteran, chosen by the Negus to command his strongest army. The week's battle was the biggest of the war up to then. Assailed from two sides and then encircled, Amba Aradam was stormed on the Saturday. Heavily bombed while in wild flight, the Abyssinians suffered nearly 20,000 casualties altogether in the battle and its aftermath. Their cause never recovered.

Most of our Sanctionists refused to recognise that anything very remarkable had happened. Some said that before the great rains the Italians, after all, could not hope to get farther than Amba Alagi, the next crux ahead. Others invoked again inverted commas for the "victory." The Italians would be forced to "pause"—in the sense indicated by more inverted commas. Or else the farther they advanced the more vulnerable they would be.

♦♦

Third Act—Abyssinian Debacle—The Drive To Dessie

Less than another fortnight sufficed to demolish this sort of stuff, and to pulverise every particle of it. The Italians never paused. Spreading out as well as advancing, they conquered right and left. Swinging round they cleared Tembien partly by attack, partly by enveloping strategy. From all this region far and wide the three broken armies of Ras Seyyum, Ras Kassa, and Ras Imru poured away pell-mell. The Italian right flank was freed at last from every peril and encumbrance. The whole of Tigré was solidly in their grip.

Soon, even this seemed little more than a prelude. On the main road Amba Alagi loomed up—another extraordinary obstacle like Amba

Aradam, but worse. By the end of February the Italian tricolour streamed from the top of it.

Still there was no "pause." Throughout March the main advance pressed on at accelerating speed. Beyond Amba Alagi, the Italians fought and won, at the beginning of April, the battle of Lake Ashangi. It proved decisive with a vengeance. The Emperor's Reserve Army, commanded by Hailé Selassié in person, was totally routed.

Now came the culminating surprise. Along the great north road the Abyssinians made no further stand. The Italian advance became a sweep. Provisioned by aircraft—which had supplied a whole division in Tembien—their vanguard at Easter covered 120 miles in six days. Last Wednesday Dessie was taken without a blow. Thence the Emperor's own good motor-road—and another fairish road by a longer track—runs for about 180 miles to Addis Ababa. That name, as we all know by now, means "New Flower." It would be plucked in a fortnight if the Italians could keep up the present pace. Who knows?

Fourth Act—Gondar and Lake Tana—Harar Next?

So much for the great ten weeks' drive along the main line of campaign from Makale to beyond Dessie—200 miles forward, and with cumulative rapidity. Yet this is but half the picture. No less astonishing and perhaps not less important have been the parallel operations.

Moving easily along the Anglo-Sudanese frontier, the Italians occupied Gallabat, where they are now cheek by jowl with our own dark troops. Two audacious columns made from different quarters for a more historic objective. One of them crossed the gorge of the Takkazzé river and dared the march through the outer part of the tremendous mountain country of Semien. These columns met at Gondar. Once a legendary capital, it still regards Addis Ababa as an upstart town. Gondar is near Lake Tana. On the north shore of that famous expanse—one of the head sources of the "river of Egypt"—the Italian tricolour was hoisted on Easter Sunday.

Round Lake Tana run the roads into Gojjam, the great interior province within the bend of the Blue Nile. That province, recently in full rebellion, abhors Hailé Selassié as the Emperor of a spurious dynasty who destroyed its rightful chiefs.

In the centre, a column from Assab near the southern exit of the Red Sea has made its way across the Danakil desert to Sardo. This force, too, has been nourished by aircraft. It will soon be able to join hands with detachments from Dessie; and presently Harar and the railway will



★
Lady Houston's
"Silver Belle"
with foal by
"Achtoi"

(17th March,
1936)

★

be assailable at last from two sides, and that would be the very end. Graziani seems to be attacking in heavy strength at last; and Rome expects to hold Harar before long.

Fifth Act?—"Keeping out the Gorgonzola"

Whether the sequel at Harar is to be swift or slow, we are at the fifth act of a staggering drama. For military purposes, the Emperor has lost the greater part of Abyssinia proper and three-fourths of the subject territories. Between Dessie and Addis Ababa he may seek to make a last rally with what is left of his Reserve Army. In the circumstances it would hardly avail him for long. Italian expectations, however high, seem firmly grounded. Hailé Selassié, by his original refusal of Italian friendship, his self-exaltation, his over-clever finesse, and attempt to manipulate the League, has brought this fate on himself. The sooner he abdicates the better.

The remnants of our Sanctionists are as mistaken as before when they vociferate that the Italians owe their advantage chiefly to poison gas. These Italians owe it rather to epic road-making unmatched in military history—to air power—to mechanised transport—to machine guns and artillery—to consummate political direction and military leadership together—and to the prowess and endurance of the troops, both Europeans and Askaris.

Sanctions have doubled the force, hardness, and cohesion of the Italian people, and brought them to the top of their spirit and powers. So far, as we said, they have conquered beyond their dreams.

They may well clinch the work in the next six weeks. The great rains from mid-June, as we have pointed out often, will be far more adverse to Abyssinian connections than to Italian.

**

For all that Geneva can do, the Duce has won his war despite the League. He will not make peace through the League. Never will he accept its tutelage. Never can the barbarous medley called the Ethiopian empire be restored to its former shape.

**

In Abyssinia, our Sanctionists have doomed the victims of their patronage. Through Europe they have spread mischief and danger. This is the situation four short months after the wrecking of the Hoare-Laval proposals by the stupid stampede. For ten months the British Government has pursued a policy of unique ineptitude equally inglorious and injurious. In all the annals of our diplomacy there has been nothing like it. We deeply fear that for long yet its further consequences will have to be felt and paid for. Meanwhile, Ministers are at least struggling heroically to keep out the gorgonzola. Or as much of it as has not been turned already, by an unexpected chemistry of sanctions, into French green cheese.

J. L. GARVIN.

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Turkey and the Straits

Demilitarisation according to Lausanne as well as according to Versailles is now to be thrown into the general melting-pot. It is three years since Turkey first hinted her discontent over a system she accepted in 1923 on the strength of Geneva guarantees. When Japan seceded from the League of Nations, the discontent grew deeper. The failure of the Disarmament Conference, Germany's secession from the League, and now the disturbed condition in the Mediterranean have induced Turkey to make the formal demand for the negotiation of a new Straits Convention. The demand was made of the signatories yesterday week. The British answer was given on Thursday.

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The Form and the Substance

The British Note commended the correctitude of Turkey's method of raising the question and agreed that negotiations should begin without delay. It was later reported that Turkey had revised her method and had re-occupied the zone. Turkey's case is that Geneva is not only not a guarantee of security, but has itself become a danger to the general security. She, therefore, demands that she be allowed to defend Turkish territory by Turkish means by installing heavy artillery on the shores of the Dardanelles and generally remilitarising the Straits. A question

is thus raised of vital importance to four Great Powers. The diplomatic melting-pot is full to the brim.

The Observer.

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Each For Himself

Says the semi-official *Temps*, of Paris:

"Great Britain has imperative reasons for not desiring a war, the full weight of which she would have to carry alone."

The Evening News has tried to leave its readers under no illusions on that score. We have never doubted that if the sanctioners drove this country into a war with Italy it would be our war and nobody else's.

Even in the realm of economic sanctions the figures just published indicate a singularly half-hearted application of the League's ban by some of the countries that most eagerly demanded them.

It is unfortunate that the continuous talk of "collective security" for this, that or t'other country has blinded our people to the fact that at no time and under no circumstances has any foreign country had the slightest intention of supplying collective security to Britain.

The *Temps* frankly admits it. If we get into a war in defence of collective security we must expect to wage it single-handed. A more cynical dismissal of the Covenant of the League from the realm of practical politics could hardly be worded.

Clearly Britain's business is to risk war in no interest but her own and to be prepared to cope, single-handed, with any military emergency.

Evening News.

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Lunatics Need Not Apply

What is this Mr. Baldwin has been saying in his week-end speech at Worcester?

"I believe I could count on the fingers of one hand the names of the men, outside a lunatic asylum, who would like my job."

No, no, Mr. Baldwin. For a start, you have twenty-one men in your Cabinet, and they all want the job. For why, otherwise, would any one of them have waded through mud and blood, dared the thunder and the lightning and the tempest to get into the Cabinet had he not been anxious to freeze on to Mr. Baldwin's job?

Were he not satisfied of that, the Prime Minister has only to look at the Opposition bench—at Attlee, Morrison, Greenwood, old Uncle George Lansbury and all. They all want your job, Sir!

**

All In The Queue

For what other reason is the leader of the Opposition chosen than that he is held to be the man most suitable to succeed to the high office of Prime Minister?

Behold the back-benchers, not a few of whom

are ready for it, too, thinking they could do the job better than Baldwin.

There is perhaps not a member of the House—except Mr. Maxton—who would turn down the chance if it were offered him.

Daily Express.



Watch Germany

The stage is set for a burst of generally incomprehensible news from the Far East. Japan, presumably offered the recognition of Manchuria and a return to the League, has to watch Russia's strength and the position of Germany who, to judge by the National Government's evasions, has been offered at least Tanganyika as well as a return to the League. On the other hand, the Mediterranean position still precludes the possibility of transferring our forces to the Far East.

The Climax

The present session at Geneva is demonstrating more than ever the futility of the League, based as it is on secret orders and unconscionable propaganda. The strategy this time is almost openly based on allegations of Italian gas attacks, to discredit victories in the field, but the proofs of these allegations are at present flimsy: they may have a very bad boomerang effect. The Italians have no more reputation for needless cruelty than the Swiss or the Austrians, and their counter-charge is that mustard-gas (or yperite under the new dispensation) was imported into Abyssinia last year for the troops of the Negus to use against the Italians. They state that any zones of gas in Abyssinia are a result of these importations and that one official of the International Red Cross, claimed as a victim of mustard gas, has personally given a denial. Whatever the truth, there at least is another side of the story not widely published in our Press. Meanwhile the Italians are showing themselves to be able diplomats as against the Madariagas and the Vasconcellos; and the present session may see a break-away of other States in addition to Ecuador.

The Geneva affair came to a climax with Mr. Anthony Eden's renewed threat of an oil embargo, and with his angry criticism of the International Red Cross for claiming a neutral character. It

is now generally admitted that economic sanctions are ineffective: the *Daily Telegraph*, a semi-official paper, gives this as the view of the British Government. It is also generally admitted that the oil sanction will be ineffective unless as an act of provocation to produce a war. This is the second time that Mr. Eden has sprung a threat at Geneva without preparing the House of Commons or the country (his determination perhaps explained by Japan's policy in the Far East), and from the *Daily Telegraph* again we learn that the Government is considering "strong measures against Italy resulting possibly in a Mediterranean war" as a method of vindicating the League of Nations. The same angry cry for a more energetic League policy comes from the Soviet Foreign Office. If war does take place, it will not be regarded by the world at large as a League of Nations affair at all, but as an attack by London and Moscow upon Italy. The easy acceptance of Turkey's resolution to remilitarise the Straits argues that the Straits may be kept open for Russia; and the rapid moves to put Spain into the hands of the Reds argue that bases for warlike activity may be available there, failing an earlier attempt to secure Toulon as a naval base. The conviction enforced by the events of Holy Week is that the League of Nations is an instrument of war rather than of peace.

But what likelihood is there that these strong measures, resulting possibly in a Mediterranean war, can be put into practice? Is Mr. Eden's demand simply a gesture to cover the abandonment of the League-Mediterranean policy, even though that means the abandonment of control over the route to the Far East: the *Daily Telegraph* has already explored the idea of a naval base at Sierra Leone to protect the Cape route? Now the plain fact is that nowhere do the peoples want a holocaust because there is no obvious cause of combat, and any politician who provokes a war in Europe will invite his own destruction. Mr. Garvin's vigorous article in the *Observer* pointed rather to the downfall of Mr. Baldwin's Government than to the imposition of a provocative sanction. Again neither Italy nor Germany want a war in Europe to-day (the Prussian General Staff will not make the mistake of taking on unequal odds unless forced to do so, and Berlin is breaking the economic stranglehold by barter arrangements). But if war is forced upon Italy, it may be understood that Herr Franck's visit to Rome included conversations arranging for mutual policies in Central Europe in case of emergency. Indeed, Germany's diplomatic hand is now stronger than ever, when London is courting her for neutrality as against Russia while Italy is turning towards her as against London.

G.K.'s Weekly.

AT the 2,700th anniversary of the foundation of Rome, which took place last Tuesday amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole Italian nation, Signor Mussolini had good occasion to feel triumphant. In a campaign which has been remarkable in its efficiency in every branch of warfare, Marshal Badoglio has smashed the Abyssinian resistance in every direction. He has defeated them despite the antagonism of all our Pacifists, who have taken every possible step they dared, short of war, to thwart Mussolini.

Mussolini knew that when it comes to a battleground the Abyssinians could not stand up to his armies, and he was fully aware that all those so-called military pundits who talked of a war that was going to last years and years were out of date. At the same time it is agreed by all authorities that nowhere else in the world lies so difficult a terrain for war manœuvres as Abyssinia, with its broken mountain ranges, impassable gorges, waterless valleys which at any moment by the rains are liable to become quagmires, absence of roads, and almost insuperable difficulties of transport; added to which is the intense heat to be



Mussolini wields a pick-axe in the slum clearance scheme inaugurated this week to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of Rome

Bravo, M

borne by troops having naturally to march with their equipment in all conditions.

Young Italy has risen superior to all the difficulties which most experts said were insuperable. Mussolini's men have built thousands of miles of roads, his armies have been transported by lorries and have been fed by aeroplanes carrying supplies. His air force has maintained the great reputation Italy has long enjoyed of being fine airmen. The strategy of his generals has been maintained on the highest level, every move having been carefully thought out and carried out in execution without a flaw. If there had been a hitch in any direction those League of Nations hypocrites who loathe Signor Mussolini because he stands forth as the champion of Fascism—that is Nationalism as opposed to destructive Socialism—would have shrieked with joy. But there has been no mistake.

Mussolini has proved to the world what Italy can do to-day. Abyssinia, poor and savage, is no test of her military abilities any more than is Britain's, if we have occasion to chastise turbulent tribes on the frontiers of India or elsewhere, but there stands behind the Abyssinian Conquest a realisation of great efficiency, which would be felt were the Italian people to be pitted against a foe more worthy of their steel than the brave but ill-equipped and ill-trained tribesmen of Hailé Selassié.

THE SOUL OF ITALY

In a word, Italy to-day has found her soul. She stands before the world as a young giant, a Great Power whose friendship and support is well worth cultivating. Yet, after the Great War, before Mussolini roused his countrymen to march with him to her great destiny, Italy was in the throes of despair. She was torn asunder by Bolshevism and class hatred, with local Soviets dictating not merely in every town and village but also in workshops. Assassination and pillage walked hand-in-hand. Her state was far worse than that of Spain to-day, desperate though that seems to be. In her hour of greatest agony Mussolini came forward, himself one of the people, a man who had faced privations in the war, and with his fervent patriotism made of her a new nation. He won Italy for Italians without bloodshed. Like St. George, he slew the Dragon which threatened to consume all.

It is an extraordinary matter that a number of British-born peoples are so obsessed with a hatred of anything savouring of patriotism and love of one's fatherland, that they cannot realise not only what a great man is Mussolini, but that he has

Mussolini !

By . . KIM

built up a new race of an old and crumbling nation with which they have now got to reckon.

The new Italy is not going to be ordered about by a gang of Pacifists who pass spiteful resolutions and try to impose Sanctions without the means to enforce them. These people, with their distorted viewpoint, think they can police the world and impose restrictions by their decrees, although they entirely lack the means to do so. The elements who have supported disarmament to a degree which is highly perilous to our own freedom imagined they could compel a masculine, well-trained, and highly efficient nation like Italy to toe the line when they issue orders.

Signor Mussolini has not only fought and defeated the Abyssinians. He has shattered the League of Nations, as even Mr. Baldwin at long last appears to recognise. To-day we see the members of the League seeking in all directions for some eleventh-hour chance to save the face of that ridiculous assembly, as though any League is worth saving if it can only survive by some miserable subterfuge. The destruction of the League will be by no means the least service Mussolini has rendered if it should open the eyes of the British nation to the futility of any Power which attempts to shirk its duties to its own nation and to seek means to escape its own obligations and duties by a form of collective security, or, in other words, surrendering its sovereignty.

VICTORIOUS !

Signor Mussolini intends to impose his terms on Abyssinia, and they are the terms of a victor. He will allow no League of Nations to dictate to him what he should or should not do. That the Negus of Abyssinia was fooled and deceived by the League is not Mussolini's fault, but there is no doubt that the League, headed by Mr. Eden, with the support of Mr. Baldwin, gave the unhappy Hailé Selassié every encouragement to defy Italy.

In every way Mr. Eden has been wrong. He was confident that Mussolini was bluffing. He was certain that Sanctions would bring him to his knees. He believed that the British Fleet and such Air Force as we possess in the Eastern Mediterranean would make him tremble. Only a few



MUSSOLINI

days ago he and his supporters were arguing that Mussolini is so bankrupt he cannot keep the war going much longer. He will be wrong again. Mussolini will get the loans he wants without difficulty. International finance is not in Mr. Eden's pocket.

If Mr. Eden had not interfered and tried to hector Mussolini there would probably have been no war at all. The League actually goaded Abyssinia into refusal of discussion with Italy at the outset. Every gas-bomb which the Italian Air Force have dropped on the Abyssinians, as reprisals for their mutilation of prisoners, owes its origin in the first place to the ill-timed interference of Mr. Eden.

Fortunately Mussolini is a man of big perceptions and greatness. He knows quite well that in Eden he confronts a pigmy and that he is not representative of the British nation. It should be our task to do our best to show friendship to Italy, and the way to do it would be to emulate Signor Mussolini himself by preaching a robust nationalism in place of the sickly sentimentalism and pussyfootism which has spread like a rank weed throughout the nation.

Bravo, Mussolini !

BOLSHEVISM GAINS

"**M**OSCOW'S interference in European affairs is becoming daily more and more active," the *Catholic Herald* stated on April 17th, and went on to quote a passage from the French paper, *Renaissance*, according to which it appears that Moscow daily holds converse with the office of the *Humanité*, its mouthpiece in Paris. The *Humanité* apparently has its own Radio Station, and every day Radek dictates the policy to be adopted by the Front Populaire and gives instructions as to the subject of the articles to be published in the *Humanité*.

The recent General Strike in Spain, the disorders in Poland, the riots in Yugo Slavia . . . the hand of the Kremlin can be traced in this unrest and turmoil which is disrupting Europe and adding to the all-pervading menace of war.

Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia are completely dominated by Communist tendencies. In Yugo-Slavia an intensive propaganda is decimating the population. The C.P.T., or Communist Party of Turkey, is waging a desperate war in that country and states its aims with engaging frankness. "The C.P.T.," it declares, "as a branch of the Komintern combats Imperialism, the Sovereignty of the Bourgeoisie and the land-owners, having regard to the conditions existing in Turkey. . . It fights for the liberation of all revolutionaries languishing in Kemal's jails . . . as soon as the C.P.T. has taken the Government into its hands it will include the hitherto oppressed minorities with the Turkish workers and peasants in a Union of Soviet Republics."

The Treaty of Friendship and Brotherhood between Soviet Russia and Turkey was concluded in March, 1921, and ever since then the foreign policies of the two countries have become more and more united in friendly co-operation, and Moscow's hold on Turkey has been clearly shown during the last few months by the unfailing support given by Turkey to all proposals made by Litvinoff at Geneva.

This friendly co-operation is further expressed by the Note handed to the Turkish Ambassador in Moscow by Monsieur Litvinoff



Communists run riot in the streets of Madrid after attacking a newspaper office.

last week, in which the Soviet Government expressed its readiness to participate in negotiations for the occupation of the demilitarised Zone of the Dardanelles. The Note also pointed out that the Soviet Government had always been of opinion that Turkish sovereignty in the Zone was indispensable to peace.

The growth of revolution in Spain can be entirely attributed to Soviet Russia. The Komintern makes no secret of its subversive activities in that country. It is rumoured that the infamous Bela Kun, whose rule of terror and bloodshed in Hungary has never been forgotten, has now been dispatched to Spain by the Kremlin.

The British Press is always ready to fulminate against the "aggression" of Italy in Abyssinia, the bombing of towns, the "murder" of women and children, but the burning and pillaging of beautiful old churches, the riots, the bloodshed, the agony of Spain have passed singularly unnoticed,

GROUND

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

A Communist being arrested during the Madrid disturbances, during which three young Fascists were killed and many people wounded.



and the tales of horror told by the refugees, constantly pouring into Portugal, have received hardly a mention.

"Spain will be next on the list," Trotsky said a few years ago, and his words have proved themselves to be only too true, but it must not be forgotten that the ruin of Spain is a prelude to revolution in France, and France in the grip of a Bolshevik Government would have an inevitable repercussion in England.

It is perhaps hardly surprising that two countries so prone to revolution should now, by the Franco-Soviet Pact, have become at one with each other. Two of the most terrible upheavals of all times have taken place in France and Russia, and it would appear that Litvinoff has been wise in his choice, and that the Komintern knows that the seeds of revolution it is sowing in France will fall on fruitful ground, for that country stands now on the dangerous verge of a second upheaval which, owing to the Jewish influence and the success of Stalin and his arch criminals, will surpass the rule of Robespierre in horror and bloodshed.

The coming elections in France will prove

how far the majority of the Left has gained on the Right and the Soviet will then know if France is ready to be subjugated to their fell purpose. "Every day in the existence of Soviet Russia is a day of work for the World Revolution," Radek said not long ago in the *Isvestia*. "It is marching on. At present not under the fluttering flags nor under the thunder of the guns of civil war. Budjonny is not watering his horses on the banks of the Rhine and the Red detachments are not fighting in the streets of Paris to help the French workers. But those who have ears can hear the work of the pioneers of Revolution."

Have we in England ears to hear the approaching thunder of those Red Armies of revolution? Or are we wilfully deaf, as well as blind to the danger signals which flash across the sky?

Moscow is not sleeping. Moscow works unceasingly, unremittingly, untiringly. Every move in Soviet policy, every Note exchanged with Foreign Governments, every smile of Litvinoff, every spoken or written word is imbued with the one undeviating motive, the one transcendent aim . . . World Revolution and the victory of the Proletariat.

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS WITH THE NAVY

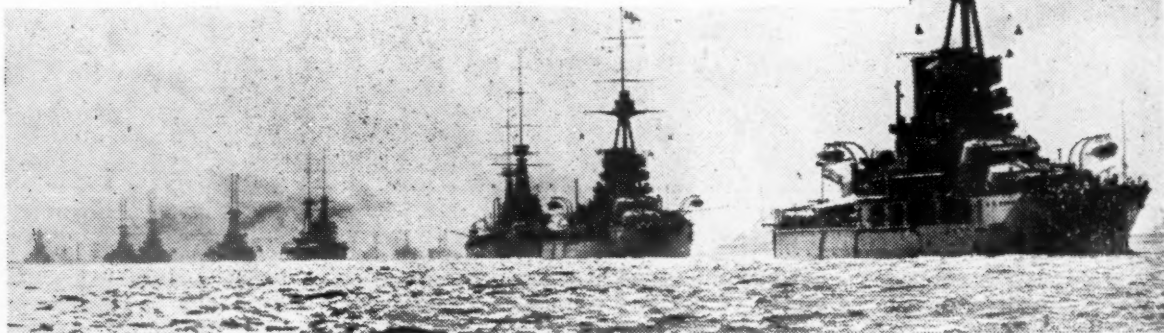
By Periscope

GREAT BRITAIN used to be renowned as the nation of shipbuilders. This was no empty phrase such as "the nation of shopkeepers." It meant, and rightly, that any ship built in the British Isles by British workmanship could be relied upon to be immeasurably better in every way than a ship built abroad.

But that was in the days when shipbuilding was a good honest trade. It still is a good honest trade to a great extent so far as merchant ships are concerned. In the building of warships it is a very different matter. Politicians and so-called statesmen, few of whom even pretend to know one end of a ship from another, have had the temerity to decree that naval ships shall be measured by arbitrary yard-sticks of their own stupid devising.

Some of this enormous rise in the prices of warships is, of course, due to the fact that the wages of the men who build a ship and her hundreds of component parts are to-day very much higher than they were in pre-war days. But if full allowance for the rise in wages and the rise in the price of raw materials (in many cases raw materials are actually cheaper to-day than in 1914) is taken, we

**The Fleet—once
England's sure
shield—is now
the plaything of
politicians.**



A cruiser was to be of so many tons, her guns were to be of so many inches calibre. Limits were set without taking into consideration that progress in shipbuilding or engineering practice might well make such limits dangerous within a fraction of the time for which they were set.

And what was the result? Cruisers, destroyers and submarines became, not works of art in the eyes of their designers and builders, but formulas in which a number of unknowns had to be juggled in order to attain the one known—the yard-stick limit of the politicians.

Needless to say, the ships suffered in the process. So did the pockets of the unfortunate taxpayers, who had already had much to bear in providing princely emoluments to the yard-stick merchants.

The extent to which the cost of warships production has risen in recent years is not fully appreciated. Before the war it was possible to build the best possible ships at a cost of not much over £60 per ton. To-day the cost of warship production is well over £200 per ton.

still find that there is an increase of well over 100 per cent. in the price of warships which has not been accounted for.

And this rise is directly due to the politicians. The Navy naturally wants the best possible performance from its ships. If arbitrary limits are set to the tonnage of such ships, new gadgets and even new materials have to be used. Thus weight may be saved in one direction to allow for some new and necessary development being included. In many of our cruisers red lead is barred as a preservative coating for steel—not because it has lost its reputation for being the best material for this work, but because it weighs heavy. Aluminium paint is used instead. It is very much more expensive and it is doubtful whether it is as efficient as red lead.

It is through economising in weight rather than in cash that the price of our present naval insecurity has risen so high.

But an even more important point is that the ships themselves are no match for those which

were built before the days of naval treaties—one must, of course, make due allowance for the progress of scientific knowledge in the interval.

It should be obvious to the meanest intelligence that if two nations are rivals by instinct they will continue to be rivals no matter what practical or impractical limits may be set to their activities by international agreement. If the navy of one is limited in tons and guns to the navy of the other it will not kill rivalry. This was the elementary fact which was completely lost sight of by the idealistic politicians who embarked so joyously upon the treacherous sea of naval limitation. When, in 1930, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald secured his triumph of applying the limitations made to navies as a whole to every individual ship in those navies, he merely set on foot a new and highly dangerous form of international rivalry in matters naval.

STIMULATING RIVALRY

No longer could one power build one more keel than another. No longer could one power, unable to build more keels than its rival, set about the construction of a bigger and more powerful ship. Yet human nature and rivalry persisted, and, inevitably, the race took the form of trying to outdo one another within the strict limits laid down. Scientist after scientist was called in. If guns were to be limited to the same calibre, some means must be found of giving them greater range or greater hitting power. If the limits laid down appeared to fix a limit to steaming qualities, some means must be found of "hotting up" the engines so that they would give the ship a greater speed than the equivalent ship of the rival power.

Of all forms of development the scientific is the most expensive and the most dangerous to force. It is liable to grow rapidly to such a stature that mere mortals can only stand and wonder.

That is exactly what has happened in the case of warship design and production. In the frantic search for something better than the next fellow all manner of crazy "gadgets" were crowded into the ships built for the Royal Navy. Most of these proved practically useless under service conditions.

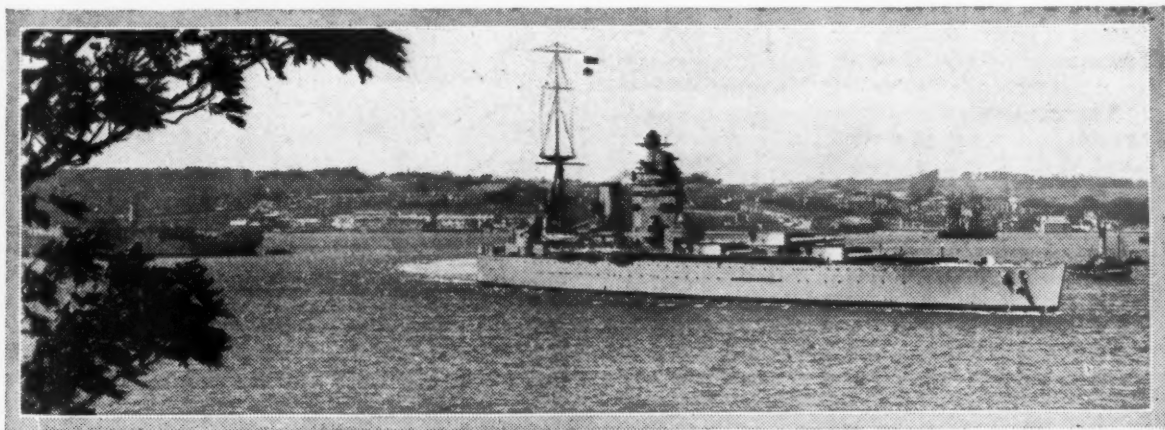
Most dangerous of all, new and untried forms of design were eagerly embarked upon. It is a solemn fact that very, very few of the ships which have been built for the Royal Navy since the beginning of the naval treaty era in 1922 have met with the approval of the men who have to go to sea in them and who may be called upon to fight for them. Millions of pounds have been spent on putting these ships to rights after they have been tested and found wanting in service. That this state of affairs has been perhaps more apparent in submarines than in other types of ships is natural, for the submarine lends itself more readily to the blandishments of the gadget-mongers and those who hawk marvellous new inventions.

The result to-day, when the Navy is striving to carry out the impossible demands of politicians without sufficient ships of the type required for the most elementary form of Empire security, is that the fleet is short of a whole destroyer flotilla and a cruiser which should be with the fleet. The destroyer flotilla is composed of new ships. They are less than two years old, yet they have had to be sent home from the Mediterranean and are now languishing in the Royal Dockyards. They were fitted with a new form of boiler, designed to give phenomenal speeds without increasing the tonnage of the ships, and now, after a paltry few months of service—and peace-time service at that—they have had to return to the dockyards for urgent repairs to their furnaces.

WHAT THE NAVY WANTS

The new cruiser referred to above has never even joined the fleet, although she should have done so last autumn. She has run trials, been found unsatisfactory, and returned to the dockyard for repairs. The reason in this ship is that her main turbines are coupled to a new and marvellous form of gearing. The gearing may be all that is claimed for it, but the Navy would very much rather have the few ships that are built for it at the time at which it has a right to expect them.

The greatest step towards increasing the security of the Empire will be taken when we revert to the solid craftsmanship of shipbuilding and eschew gadgets until they have been exhaustively tried out at other people's expense.



H.M.S. Rodney, the world's largest battleship, off Devonport.

The Soldier Behind Hitler

By Ignatius Phayre

OUR people know little of the *Untersee* manoeuvres which continue to shake the hierarchy of Nazidom. Even our editors ignore them. Yet beyond the Rhine, men in the street make pungent jokes about the feud between that lame little genius Paul Josef Goebbels ("Enlightener" and "Ginger"-man of Germany's millions) and rugged Hermann Göring, the apostle of air-force and the lightning stroke of "undeclared" wars.

It is the Führer himself who contrives to keep the peace in that quarter, just as that wine-seller statesman, Joachim von Ribbentrop, managed to heal the serious breach between Franz von Papen and Herr Hitler. Then one hears much of intrigue between Rudolf Hess, who is the Führer's deputy, and other Ministers and high officials of the "Left Wing," which is apt to grow more and more radical.

Alfred Rosenberg pushes forward as "spiritual director" of the Third Reich. Dr. Robert Ley, head of the Labour Front, blows his own bugle in *Der Deutsche*, and Walter Darré, Minister of Agriculture, rallies the unsophisticated peasants to a flag of his own devising. Then Baldur von Schirach and Count Ernst von Reventlow are also identified with the "Radical" Wing, which is much more numerous than its Nationalist counterpart.

But all these factions are severely left alone by Herr Hitler. He takes little interest in the drastic social changes pressed by many of his lieutenants. These include the breaking up of the so-called "interest-servitude"; the nationalisation of trusts, and profit-sharing by employees in the great industrial enterprises, not to mention agrarian reforms without compensation to the land-owners.

The Führer has never even pretended to have any knowledge of economic matters. A glance at his speeches reveal only a few platitudes gleaned from his mentor, Gottfried Feder, who is now an Under-Secretary in his Government.

Hitler himself told me that when he first heard Feder expound his views in the autumn of 1919 (in the tap-room of a humble Munich beer-hall!) he was tremendously impressed by what seemed to him the saving slogan of "Nationalism" combined with "Socialism."

The Führer went on to explain how (as an artist) he drew up his own Party emblem by taking the "red" of the Marxists and super-imposing on it a white circle with the black Swastika. And his Nazis were to call each other "Party-comrades" (*Parteigenossen*).

But if Hitler has made many enemies, his patent sincerity and contempt for baser gains ("I must be the only statesman in Europe without a bank-account!") were to win for him a single "convert" whose strength has made his leadership thus far impregnable.

This is none other than the tall, lean, close-lipped War Minister and Chief of the Reichswehr—Field-Marshal Werner E. F. von Blomberg—whose forceful and efficient Army is at this moment pelted with flowers and acclaimed with joyous frenzy in a "liberated" Rhineland.

This man, it is well to remember, virtually controls the "all-Germany" which is mobilised and in uniform. Of this vast force, the Reichswehr proper is but the nucleus. Add to it the *Sturm-Abteilungen*, the *Schutz-Staffel*, the Steel-Helmets, and the so-called Labour Corps, and we have the formidable total of over a million and a



Hitler and Field-Marshal von Blomberg stroll through one of the valleys near the Leader's country estate.

half of men. Of their technical equipment I need scarcely speak; and—as the French well know—there are secret armaments in reserve which may well cause misgivings to Germany's neighbours, East as well as West.

All the units that make up this titanic "mailed fist" look up with peculiar esteem—I might even say, reverence—to Field-Marshal von Blomberg. "He is in essence"—Herr Hitler himself said to me earnestly—"a man of honour from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

Von Blomberg carries himself stiffly. His features are sharp, the steady-lidded eyes severe, and few words ever issue from that clean-shaven mouth. In this man's forthright policy one finds no trace of Nietzsche's "*Libido Potendi*," or "Lust for Power," nothing of the "High-Boot" (*Kürassier Stiefel*) trampling march of Bismarck and the elder Moltke.

A glance at his career shows how Hitler's luck held when this eminent soldier came over to his side. Fifty-eight years old, a strategist of genius, undeviating in purpose, tranquil and modest in manner—Field-Marshal von Blomberg shrinks from all vulgar publicity.

After passing with flying colours through the Lichterfelde Military Academy, near Berlin, he was still only a captain when the World War broke out. But he soon passed to the General Staff, and gained the highest of honours. He remained in the volunteer Reichswehr set up in 1920. As District Commander, first in Stuttgart, and later in Königsberg, in East Prussia, he became a great friend of President von Hindenburg.

Oddly enough, Blomberg had the faculty of making influential friends; and in the Hitler Cabinet of 1933 he was given a pre-eminent post as the first high officer of the Regular Army to foresee the future Führer's amazing sway over his 65,000,000 "awakened" Germans.

Although a tireless worker, and of frigid temperament, von Blomberg is yet a man of many social graces. In this way he is a valuable asset to his Chief's present Government in formal banquet-halls and State functions. Five years ago he went to the United States on a military mission, inspecting battle-fields of the Civil War and learning much about the American Army's methods.

AN AWKWARD HITCH

In 1934, when the new Chancellor was administering the oath to the Army (of which he is *ex-officio* Commander-in-Chief) there came an awkward hitch. Then it was that von Blomberg proved the worth of his "conversion" to Hitlerism. For he alone could persuade the old military clans and princely families to swear fealty to the "alien" lance-corporal of other days, who was to succeed a Field-Marshal in the supreme command.

This eminent soldier also did a little cautious editing on his Chief's famous book *Mein Kampf* ("My Struggle"). In the original edition of this prison-written "Testament" (Page 741) occurred an imprudent passage on *Die Vernichtung Frankreichs*—"the annihilation of France!" This was not to be achieved except by close friendship with England.

In any case, that explosive move was set out by the "felon" of 1923 as a prime factor in the just aims of the new *Deutscheit*. This fierce passage Field-Marshal von Blomberg was able to have deleted from all foreign editions of the Nazi "Bible." He has more than once been spoken of as Hitler's "Deputy" in the triune position which the Führer holds as President of the Reich, Chancellor and Head of the Army. This would, of course, mean the super-session of Rudolf Hess, who is at present the Executive Leader of the Nazi Party.



Hitler (right) with Field-Marshal von Blomberg (centre) and General Goering in the Bavarian Alps.

But as I said at the outset, personal intrigues persist, and many high officers, both civil and military, find themselves obliged to leave Germany "for political reasons." Such men can speak freely as exiles. Let me quote *à propos* Captain Karl Felsen, an ex-officer of the German General Staff. He makes a sharp distinction between National-Socialism and the existing Hitler *régime*. It is the latter which von Blomberg and the Reichswehr at present support.

The reasons for this, Felsen explains as follows:

On the day when Hitler became Chancellor (January 30th, 1933), opposition to the political results of the War was flatly declared, and "there-with a 100 per cent. liberation for the Army." To this end everything was pressed into service: policy and administration, finance and commerce, science and technical research—right down to the little village fire-brigades, the training of youth, all sports and athletics, the women's organisations, private life and the family.

The price to be paid for all this—Captain Felsen assures us—was: "Hitler, General von Blomberg and the present *régime*. To this our Senior Officers agreed for the time being, much as one puts up with an awkward mother-in-law for the sake of a pretty wife."

Captain Felsen, now in disgrace, goes on to speak of the cleavage between the "Hitler-loyal" War Minister, Field-Marshal von Blomberg, and the "Fatherland-loyal" C.-in-C. General Fritsch, said to have the General Staff and many of the Reichswehr Ministry behind him.

It will thus be seen how much the Führer owes to the upright soldier who backs him with such commanding prestige.

The Ultimate Sanction

By Robert Machray

NOT even his most fervent friends and admirers can consider one of his best efforts the speech on foreign policy which Mr. Baldwin made to the faithful at Worcester last Saturday. Naturally in the place of its delivery it was well received, but it was addressed to the nation. Among other things the Prime Minister said he was convinced that the policy of the Government was supported by an overwhelming majority of the British people, but if this is indeed the case, how is it that his statement of that policy, in what is undoubtedly one of the gravest crises in all our history, has aroused no enthusiasm, not even applause, anywhere throughout the country? It is a very easy question to answer.

Though Mr. Baldwin's speech was largely of a negative character, and only became very definitely positive in his denial of any intention to retire from office until it suited himself, its whole underlying tone was apologetic, excusatory and in fact indicated that the Government's foreign policy had met with defeat. This damning admission, for such it is, has been wrung from him by the march of events, among which the victorious campaign of Italy in Abyssinia has proved itself to be of decisive importance. In connection with Sanctions he spoke of their ineffectuality "unless supported by the ultimate Sanction, which is blockade or force." Italy has applied the ultimate sanction of force to Abyssinia and has won.

THE IMPOTENT LEAGUE

Force—the ultimate Sanction! All Sanctions, in this special sense, imply force; the financial and economic Sanctions imposed on Italy by the League of Nations are examples and illustrations of force; but the ultimate Sanction means war, and nothing else. All the hot-headed partisans of Geneva shouted for war on Italy when they saw that Signor Mussolini was not deterred by the Sanctions the League applied, and no doubt these chauvinists were encouraged by the presence of the British Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean and our Government's "leadership." But there were great national, as opposed to international, interests in the way, and the League, with its collective insecurity, was impotent to deal with them. This is the plain truth.

It might not be unprofitable to tell in some detail how all these things came about, but it is unnecessary at the moment, for the outcome, which now must be obvious to the most doubting soul, is the failure of the League, pronounced and irremediable, as there is no earthly chance of its ever being able to apply the ultimate Sanction. Mr. Baldwin seems still to cherish the hope that a day may come when the League may be able to do just that, but it is possible that when he said so he was talking for what are called platform purposes—in the

"vague." Looking at distracted Europe, and knowing how deep the distraction goes, he must realise this hope is unlikely to be fulfilled.

And with the failure of the League must be associated the failure of the Government's foreign policy. How often did Baldwin, Eden and other Ministers declare their foreign policy was anchored to the League—nobody was left in any uncertainty on the subject; such statements were made *ad nauseam*. The trouble was that large numbers of our people were induced to believe it was a good policy and would—must—succeed. Well, has it been a success? It has not, and it is no wonder at all that Baldwin's speech has been given a remarkably cool reception. Even the hack Government Press has carefully refrained from going into their usual ecstasies. The oracles are dumb—almost. The *Daily Herald* has, however, the hardihood to state, "The League Can't Fail." It says that it is the nations that have failed, but after all does that not amount to the same thing?

UTTER FAILURE

Of course the truth is that a League composed of nations, particularly of Great and Small Powers, with their totally different interests whether individually or in groups—as is the case at Geneva—can never be much of a success, and must in the last resort always fail unless it is in a position to apply the ultimate Sanction, and bring the delinquent nation to obedience. The League made no attempt to impose Sanctions on Japan or Germany, but, urged on by our Government, it thought they could be imposed on Italy, and it did impose them to a certain extent, but it had to pause when more onerous Sanctions came into debate; it never got to the length of the ultimate Sanction, but, for all that, Italy has won the war, and no State is going to deprive her of complete victory.

There has never been a clearer object-lesson set before the British people; it behoves them, of all the peoples of the globe, to take it to heart, for they have far larger and more valuable possessions than has any other, and are open to attack on many sides. Not only is it a case of their possessions being in jeopardy. They themselves in these islands are in danger every hour. Baldwin sees in a storm-set sky bright spots in the new peace plans, but experience ought to teach him that it will not do to place very much confidence in there being a satisfactory issue from them. It is to be hoped that something good will come out of the negotiations arranged at present to begin next month.

But in the end we can count on nothing except our own strength. However much it may be against the grain for some reason or other, we all have to face up to the realities of the situation, else we perish. The League is a delusion, which has done us nothing but harm, and it should vanish from our foreign policy.

Black Pirates

By Dan Russell

HIGH above the ground two carrion crows sat in the leafy branches of an old elm tree.

Twenty feet lower down three miniature replicas of the old birds waited solemnly and silently upon a slender twig. Their feathers were still downy and their wings were not yet full grown, but they had left their lofty nest four days before. Each day their wings grew a little stronger and each day they grew a little bolder, increasing the length of their hops from branch to branch. The biggest of them could now jump from twig to twig without fear although with much threshing of his baby wings. But it would be many days yet before they could really fly and it would be many weeks before they attained to the speed and grace of their parents. Until they were fully able to look after themselves the old birds would stay with them to guard them and teach them that cunning which makes the carrion crow one of the most dreaded hunters of the air.

The two old birds sat and scanned the ground below with their bright boot-button eyes as in the distance they saw two nodding horses drawing a cart. Nearer, the rabbits were feeding beneath the hedge.

In the spinney were many nests with young birds. The two crows heeded none of these things; they gazed with interest at the scene below. But, although they appeared to keep no look-out, had a man with a gun appeared within half-a-mile, those keen eyes would have seen him instantly. Every now and then one would utter a harsh "caw" to which the other would reply. It was as though they held conversation. It was evident that they were deeply interested in what was happening below. They moved from end to end of their branch, peering through the leaves to get a better view and cocked their glossy heads on one side as they watched their quarry.

THE FISHERMAN

The elm tree in which they waited grew near to the side of a small stream. Just by the elm the stream widened into a broad stretch of shallow water. In this shallow stood a heron, waiting immobile for a chance to strike. He stood up to mid-leg in water, head thrown forward, beak poised, grey-ringed eyes searching the water for a sign of trout. He would have felt distinctly unhappy had he known that he was causing such interest to the two old pirates so high above him. He knew them of old, many times before had they plagued him and relieved him of his catch. Fishing was a long and arduous business. He had been standing in the stream for an hour and as yet he had caught nothing save an unwary frog. He hoped that his vigil would soon be rewarded for he had a nest of hungry youngsters in his great, untidy heronry. Once again he bent his gaze on

the slowly flowing water. In the elm tree the two rascals shifted along a branch to get a better view.

Suddenly, the heron saw a dark shape moving below the surface of the stream. He quivered slightly as he poised himself to strike. Then the long beak flashed down with the speed of light. There was a mad flurry of spray and he waded ashore with an eight ounce trout in his beak. He took it on to the bank and dropped it. One blow of that massive beak killed it and it lay, a silver streak in the green grass. The heron wiped his beak on a tussock and turned to pick up his catch. As he did so, two black shadows floated silently down beside him and landed one in front and one behind.

ARTFUL DODGERS

The heron gave a harsh cry of dismay for he knew what was about to happen. If he wanted to keep his catch he wanted all his wits. He eyed the two crows resentfully, his beak ready to strike.

The crow in front hopped around just out of range of that menacing beak. His mate moved behind the heron and, while the grey bird's back was towards her, she darted in and tried to pick up the trout. Instantly the heron wheeled and his beak smashed down in a blow that would have crushed the crow's skull, had it landed. But she jumped to one side and the long bill whizzed by her side.

The heron recovered himself in time to see his other opponent pulling the fish by the tail. Again he struck and again he missed. He was getting flustered now and struck wildly at the two dancing figures. The crows knew from past experience that they had only to keep it up long enough and the fish was theirs. But the heron remembered his brood and, harassed though he was, stood over his fish and dared his enemies to take it.

For a long time the comedy went on. First one, then the other darted in and tried for the fish. Several times it seemed that they had been transfixed by the heron's beak, but each time they managed to avoid it. It was to the crows a game which they enjoyed, this heron-baiting. There were many other sorts of food which they could have got with less trouble but they enjoyed the sight of the tall grey bird growing more and more agitated.

At last the heron realised that he was no match for his opponents. With one despairing shriek he spread his wings and fled while the crows took possession of the fish. They carried it to the elm tree where their three solemn babies awaited them and then the silence was broken as they begged for pieces of this tit-bit.

After the meal they lazed while their parents sat once more in the tree-top and watched the countryside for further signs of an easy meal.

AT long last Mr. Baldwin has confessed what all sensible and patriotic people have known for years.

A League of Nations which does not include Germany or the great English-speaking nation of the United States, which omits Japan and has antagonised Italy, cannot apply sanctions.

All it can do is to make Britain the catspaw of Russia and a horde of small parasite States, each of which hopes to benefit from Britain's downfall.

At Worcester Mr. Baldwin said bluntly that sanctions applied by a truncated League have no force.

IT HAS TAKEN HIM A LONG TIME TO REALISE THIS.

As far back as June last year, before hostilities opened in Abyssinia, Lady Houston wrote a pamphlet called

THE SERPENT IN EDEN

It was, as might be expected from such a writer, a forthright and downright utterance of truth—so forthright and downright and so inconveniently true that it was banned by the distributing trades from appearing in this paper.

In that pamphlet Lady Houston wrote, as an open letter to Mr. Anthony Eden:—

"England is outside all this trouble—it is nothing to do with this country—**BUT THAT DOES NOT SUIT YOU—OR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS**—and so, with a persistence seldom met—you have never ceased to work tooth and nail on a policy which may well bring the horrors of War upon your Country. . . .

"I—and every patriot with me, cry from the bottom of our hearts—Damn the League of Nations.

"A curse and a deterrent—an excuse to disarm when we should have been arming. Without life—it was a still-born abortion—conceived by a man who knew nothing of the realities. It has cost this country many millions of money and powerful and faithful friends and—**INSTEAD OF PREVENTING WAR—IT WOULD BRING IT**—this is **THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS**. . .

"**HAD YOU HELD YOUR PEACE** and not meddled in Italian affairs—that were no concern of this country—Italy, left alone, would probably have come to terms with Abyssinia and War might have been prevented—**BUT IF WAR COMES NOW IT WILL BE YOUR MEDDLING THAT HAS MADE WAR INEVITABLE.**"

THE LEAGUE Why Does Ed

By "HISTOR"



The League of Nations

That remarkable prophesy was true: that challenging indictment was sound.

What Lady Houston foresaw in June, 1935, and had the pluck to utter in her bold and vigorous prose, everyone now sees plainly.

Anthony Eden, representing a Government led by a Socialist-Bolshevist who had insisted upon disarming the nation he was paid to guard, when international affairs were at their most delicate, went to Geneva and became insolent and aggressive to a Sovereign State in whose affairs he had not the slightest right to meddle.

By pressing, in his inexperienced, impetuous impetuosity, a policy of sanctions, which his precious League had not the power to enforce, he hardened Italy's resolution against Abyssinia and created her enmity to Britain.

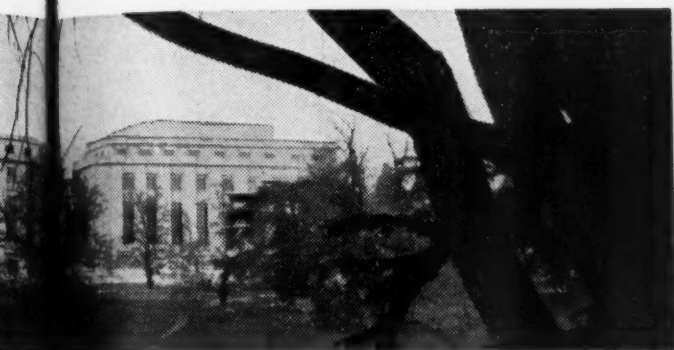
Under this wilfully blind and dangerous man's leadership—who never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it—the British Government was persuaded to send the Fleet and what few obsolete aeroplanes we possess to the Mediterranean Sea. But those ships had only enough ammunition aboard for half-an-hour's fighting and the aeroplanes that were sent left London and other vital spots denuded of the few obsolete defences they possessed.

Can anyone doubt that it was this blundering policy that gave Hitler—a strong man at

LEAGUE IS DEAD

Eden Survive?

"HISTORICUS"



League of Nations Palace

the head of a virile and well-armed nation—the cue to march into the Rhineland? Who can blame him?

Again the League talked and protested and blustered; everyone—Hitler, the League and Eden himself—knew that Britain had not the arms nor France the national unity to make the League bluster a reality.

By bringing Britain to the brink of conflict with two nations so heavily armed in the air that nothing can deter them, Anthony Eden has brought upon this nation the gravest diplomatic rebuffs of its history.

And now his nominal leader, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, confesses that the League, which he has called the keystone of his foreign policy, has no force.

Was there ever so pitiable a display of political folly? Was there ever so grim a display of political treachery?

The League is dead. Its tottering corpse is upheld by Anthony Eden. Why?

Because if the League is admitted to be a corpse, Eden's career of bluff and bluster is ended, too.

The jeopardy of our millions of men, women and children from imminent air attack, from the famine which a new war would mean in these overcrowded islands, means nothing



Mr. Anthony Eden

compared with the continued advancement of this egregious climber in the estimation of his foreign friends. Better that Britain should be violated than that Litvinoff, his mentor, should be let down by the disappearance of Eden from Office.

If League sanctions lack force and mean the provocation of a world war, let them be dropped.

If Baldwin and Eden are men let them confess their folly and disappear from public life to give place to others who will put Britain first and cease to meddle with these dangerous gangs of self-seeking States.

What is left of the League is mentally dominated by Litvinoff, the Bolshevik. Bolshevism has openly declared itself the implacable enemy of British civilisation. It is incredible that the British people should tolerate their Foreign Minister's slavish adherence to Russian policy.

Britain has no quarrel with Italy or Germany. She has no interest in or love for Russia.

Since the League and Eden link her to Russia and estrange her from Germany and Italy, let Eden and the League be dropped.

There is no guess-work about the position. All that was foreseen and deduced in June last year by the prescience of Lady Houston has been confirmed by event.

It is time the British learnt the lesson—and ejected from leadership these League lackeys who are bringing our country to ruin and our peoples to catastrophe in order to help Russia to the world revolution and the destruction of civilisation which is their declared policy.

And what then?—Does Eden hope to become England's puppet Dictator under Litvinoff?

Romance of the Westward

By H. K. Hales

IT was low tide at Southampton. Drawn up high on the beach in a shipbreakers' yard lay a graceful yacht of 2,000 tons, her lower hull embedded in ten feet of mud which for upwards of two years had been her resting place.

Curiosity prompted me to explore her interior, and accompanied by an old salt, the caretaker, I stepped gingerly along the crazy jetty denuded in several places of the necessary handrail, and clambered aboard over the bulwarks of the well-deck amongst a heterogeneous collection of ropes, sail tackle, spars, barrels, and tins of paint littered about the deck, above which a stray rope driven with the wind swung from side to side.

I mounted the ladder to the hurricane deck, and here two of the great topmasts occupied the port side which, owing to the lack of attention, showed signs of decay in places, and which it was evident, would never again be hoisted aloft. Situated amidships was a companion way, down which we descended to the main deck, and here a great surprise awaited me. Extending the full length of the deck were rows of staterooms, fitted up with electric light and fans, comfortable berths, a profusion of drawers beneath, well appointed lavatory basins, with plated fittings, lifebelts on a rack near the ceiling, and wardrobes with plate glass doors, giving the impression of a modern passenger liner so perfect were the fittings of everything necessary for an ocean voyage.

Unexpected Luxury

Cabin after cabin I explored, a large lavatory with marble fittings, and at the end a luxuriously fitted smoke room in dark oak, with a cocktail bar adjacent. Retracing my steps aft, I found a lounge upholstered in green satin, with card tables in each corner, and screwed to the wall a fine overstrung piano in excellent condition, if slightly out of tune. A double staircase descended from the lounge into a capacious dining saloon with separate tables round which revolving chairs to accommodate eighty-eight persons were placed.

Leaving the dining saloon, I made my way forward, where ten bathrooms, five on either side with hot and cold water, and showers awaited the long-delayed occupants. On this deck also were long lines of staterooms, all elegantly fitted as those on the main deck, in all, fifty-one single and sixteen double cabins. Retracing my steps to the dining saloon, I visited the galley, and here again there was evidence of an almost prodigality of expenditure of money as I surveyed the racks filled with expensive china, an extensive cooking range and bread oven, with a number of electrical devices for the preparation of tea and coffee.

Originally known as the *Danefolk*, built in Holeby, Denmark, in the year 1920, she was for three or four years engaged in the grain trade to



The schooner *Westward*

Australia, and afterwards used as a training ship for the Danish Mercantile Marine. In the year 1925, she was purchased by an English syndicate, taken to Hamburg and entirely refitted as a passenger boat at a cost of upwards of £55,000. A world cruise was arranged for, going west through the Panama Canal, and returning via Suez, but when on the point of sailing, the mortgagee foreclosed, and the *Westward*, as the ship had been re-named, remained at anchor near the Isle of Wight for nearly eight years, after which she was beached on the mud in the river Itchin, and so remained to the day when I clambered on board to make an investigation purely out of curiosity as to what a sailing ship was really like inside.

My conversation with the old caretaker was most interesting, especially when he told me that Great Britain was the only country in Europe which made no provision for sail training for cadets in the Mercantile Marine. Such countries as Norway, Sweden, Finland and Germany were fully supplied with a number of sailing vessels, mostly subsidised by their respective Governments, and all the way home in the train I endeavoured to find the reason for this country alone—especially as we consider ourselves the leading maritime nation in the world—lagging behind in this way.

True, sailing vessels are gradually dying out, and their use becoming less and less, but the fact cannot be ignored that, as Lord Runciman has frequently pointed out, sail training gives our young seamen a more intimate knowledge of the sea. He is taught to rely more on his own efforts in combating the forces of nature, and there can be no possible doubt that hundreds of our young seamen are sent to the Continent to receive this necessary training. It is a standing reproach to us that this branch of our maritime affairs has been entirely neglected.

The possibility of the schooner *Westward* being utilised for a training ship could not be dismissed from my mind, and a fortnight later I again visited Southampton and made another and more careful examination of the exterior and interior of the yacht. Finally, accompanied by an experienced sailing captain I made a third visit, in which as far as we possibly could, we explored the holds, tapped the plates and made a thorough examination of the engine room. There followed negotiations with the owner, and a few weeks later I had purchased the vessel for a price which I considered low, and which would allow for the money to be spent in making her thoroughly up-to-date, comprising four new topmasts, gaffs, booms and cordage, on which task I at once gave instructions for the work to commence.

The difficulties I experienced were indeed many, not the least being the difficulty in obtaining seamen having a knowledge of sailing ships, and this

more than confirmed the fact that the greatest difficulty would be found in getting a crew together, without sending to the Continent for the necessary hands. Naturally this course was not to be entertained if the *Westward* was to be used as the only British sailing ship for the training of apprentices. Some weeks, and even months elapsed before the complement of officers and A.B.'s were procured. As the work progressed, the procuring of blocks and tackle caused much delay, and the finding of four topmasts of sufficient length occupied a considerable time, but slowly and surely the vessel was equipped and arrangements made to enter dry dock and pass through Lloyd's No. 3 Survey, which is now almost completed. The *Westward* to-day can be described as the best equipped sailing ship in the world. Every cabin being fitted with electric light and fans, provides the cadets with ideal accommodation equal in many respects to an Atlantic liner.

For the time being, until the apprentices are selected, the ship will remain in home waters, afterwards sailing to the South Atlantic for the first voyage. It is intended to equip the vessel with a short wave wireless installation, which will enable communication to be made with any part of the world. It is to be hoped that the *Westward* will be the forerunner of a sail training British Fleet, and so remove the long-standing reproach that Great Britain alone of the maritime nations of the world has no provision for the training in sail of the personnel of the Mercantile Marine.

Signs of Spring

By C. D. Dimsdale

IT is never too late, or too early, to look for signs of spring in England, for we may justly disregard the calendar here. There are signs of spring in September, for leaves do not fall until the buds of new leaves push the old stalks off. In high summer you may look for the development of buds that break into flower in the autumn.

Most people will agree, however, that buds and birds provide the true signs of spring, certainly the most easily observed signs. Bats and frogs awake may go to sleep again. Even that pawky fellow, the hedgehog, nosing around for worms or beetles may have got up too soon. It is true that flowers can be premature, but when I find primroses in early February, I like to think that the spring has come with them, though it may retreat behind such cold winds as the early part of March brought us. This year March nobly played up to the calendar, and gave us a "record" warmth for the official first day of the spring. Since then the birds and the vegetation have been very busy and the Jack hares have duly gone "mad" in good time.

Vagaries of weather have not delayed the brightening of the birds' plumage for the courting season, and it is doubtful if this annual event is noticeably affected, as are leaf buds and exposed flowers like the blackthorn, by cold weather at the

crucial time. Already I have seen the green plover or lapwing tumbling in delight, sporting the black cravat on a throat that is white all the winter.

The nesting of birds can be delayed by prolonged severity of weather that keeps food rations short, but the conditions have to be exceptional to prevent robins and blackbirds laying by the third week of March and numerous other common birds nesting before April.

Most reliable and best observed are the arrivals of welcome summer visitors, of whom the chiff-chaff and the wheatear are among my favourite guides. The cheerful chiff-chaff turns up between March 20th and 24th, and the wheatear by the beginning of April. Golden catkins are nearly always scattering pollen and beginning to drop by then, and ten-to-one the first white blackthorn blossom is ready to welcome April, the flush of the first green of hawthorn leaf heralding the richer May to follow. "Cast not a clout till May be out" refers, surely, to May-blossom and not to the month, for the hawthorn keeps back its creamy tide of flowers while the weather is adverse.

The controversial cuckoo is no exception to the general punctuality of our visitors' arrivals, and if you think you hear the wandering voice before April, attribute it to a blackbird's interrupted flute, or to some mimic like the starling.

We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::

WHAT OUR

The Way to Deal with Communists and Pacifists

MADAM,—

There is a new Act for dealing with the Communist and Pacifist incitements that are being distributed among the Forces. The antagonism that it has aroused is strange, as it is most difficult to understand the Government devoting so much time to a partial measure.

The militant sedition and the passive treason that have taken root among us should be rooted out. Suppressive laws that only irritate, instead of crushing and extinguishing, are worse than useless.

By the Common Law of England every citizen is bound to uphold the State *with personal service*, if he is physically able; and this principle (on which every known community has been founded) was embodied in a statute at the great Gemot on Salisbury Plain in the year 1086, which put the coping-stone upon the work of William. Every freeman in the country had to swear that he would be a King's man and defend the Crown against all foes.

The principle was applied in our latest war, and is applied whenever a constable calls for help in the name of the King. We pay our soldiers and sailors, not to assume an obligation that they share with all their fellow-citizens, but to devote the whole of their time to training, which prevents them earning a livelihood in any other way. A man who will not defend the laws, the rights or the safety of the country in which he was born, in which he dwells, and which protects him, is a bad and worthless citizen; disguised in the mask of religion, he is more repulsive still.

Spinoza said, "No one can obey God rightly if the practice of his piety agrees not with the public welfare. . . . It is certain, that men's duty to their country is the highest duty they can do; for, make away with government, and nothing good can last." We have put up with crazy and disloyal sectaries too long; now that they have become vocal and noisy, and that their vile creed of national suicide is preached from every conventicle pulpit, from cathedral pulpits and from secular platforms, it is time to put an end to it.

Communists or Pacifists (professed as such or having been convicted after trial by a judge and jury in the High Court) should be subjected to the following penalties:—

1. They should not be allowed to hold any public post.
2. They should not be allowed to take a University degree or qualify for any organised profession.
3. They should not be allowed to sit in either House of Parliament or on administrative bodies, nor to exercise the parliamentary or municipal franchise.
4. They should not be granted any public relief, whether under the Poor Law or the Insurance Acts.
5. They should not be allowed to sue or prosecute in any court of law.
6. They should not be allowed to benefit by will or inheritance.

If these penalties are thought too harsh, it ought to be remembered that the Communist is a criminal already, and the Pacifist may easily become such. These slimy hypocrites are capable of any crime, and are more dangerous than Communists.

M. DIVER (Mrs.)

Dorset.

Sinister Influence of Geneva

SIR,—The British Empire or the Super State? This question will have to be decided by public opinion. I have reason for believing that the dictatorial demands made by the League of Nations that all its officials should sign the following certificate are not as widely known as they should be. It reads, "I solemnly under-

take to exercise in all loyalty, discretion and conscience the functions that have been entrusted to me as . . . of the League of Nations to discharge my functions and to regulate my conduct with the interest of the League alone in view and not to seek or receive instruction from any Government or other authority external."

From the above, as it is obvious, a man cannot serve two masters; every "national" employed by the League has to sink the patriotic duties he owes to the country of his birth and become practically a renegade in favour of this international collection—which is not worth the bones of one British soldier.

Mr. Baldwin has surprised many of us when he said that the reason for rearmament was first to carry out our obligations under "collective security" and secondly for the defence of the Empire.

It is high time this extraordinary policy should be fully appreciated by the country, the issue cannot be baulked or evaded to save our politicians. A comic opera is hardly the place to find patriotic wisdom, but I would draw attention to these lines:—

*"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other Nations
He remained an Englishman."*

This happy state of affairs will certainly not continue if we allow ourselves to be dictatorially dominated by a collection of International politicians. A little time ago an eminent politician obligingly summed up the situation when he said, "I am glad that the British Empire is being broken up." That there is a sinister influence in favour of this is evident as is substantiated by the India Act, Statute of Westminster, tentative offer of Zeila, Argentine meat concession—space will not allow me to enlarge on these issues. Is the League worth saving at the expense of the Empire? It has signally failed in the Grand Chaco, Manchuria and the present war, which has set the whole of Europe by the ears.

"My country first" should be the creed of all Britons. Is it that of our politicians? I fear it is the "League First." There must be something rotten in the state of the Empire—the weakness of our Defences is sufficient proof for that. Our excuse that we disarmed to set an example to other nations may sound plausible—but unless our sapient politicians are purblind, why, when they realised that the other nations were not following our example, did we not immediately change our policy and rearm? The League is a menace to the British Empire and we should, if we are wise, follow U.S.A., Japan, Germany—and leave it.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

Problem of Recruits

SIR,—The letter on recruiting in your issue last week raises many interesting points. The Militia certainly should be resuscitated to supply drafts to the Regulars in time of war.

Dockers and miners who do not join the Territorials would join up.

As to allowing mufti for walking out is a moot point. The present orders allow it "to men of good character." A premium is thus put on pride in the King's uniform which is now scarcely ever seen when men are on furlough in country towns and villages, and recruiting for the time suffers.

Lord Cavan is in favour of urging that the re-issue of the pre-war full dress with Regimental facings for ceremonial and walking out would bring in the men required for the Regulars and Territorials.

R. V. STEEL.

Penrhyn Lodge,
Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

READERS THINK

"Down With Eden"

MADAM,—

You are to be congratulated by your readers on your outspoken slogan (as above) in the *Saturday Review*. Who is Eden? It might be well to analyse his mental outlook. A short time back there was published a memoir of one of his ancestors chiefly interesting because of his extraordinary eccentricities. A psychoanalyst comparing past and present data would doubtless demonstrate that some of these have been handed down. The ancestor was obviously very dictatorial and narrow minded.

To the man in the street Eden's conduct of and behaviour in Foreign affairs seems abnormal. "An old man in a hurry" is a danger to others and himself; Eden in a hustle of hysteria is far worse where the fate of England is involved. It takes so-called statesmen, especially if inexperienced, a lot of serious thinking to select meaningless claptrap phrases like "rewarding the aggressor," "collective security" and worrying them to death regardless of consequences. Eden, abusing Great Britain's prestige, adopts these fatuous parrot cries, forces them on the League of Nations Council and imposes a time limit for its decisions. Then it is broadcast that the British Foreign Secretary has made a "strong stand for peace" (oblivious of possible war). This and press adulation is enough to turn any weak man's head.

The Socialist idea of "open diplomacy" is fatal to considered judgment. To the ordinary reader it seemed to indicate incipient megalomania when Eden (quite unnecessarily) went out of his way to lecture 65,000,000 Germans armed to the teeth about their behaviour at Memel. Sheer tactless bluff. What so-called "sanctions" had the League available, if Germany hit back? Finally there is Eden's unaccountable infatuation for a scoundrel like the Polish Jew Litvinoff with his notorious criminal record. Is this a case of "Tell me what company thou keepest and I'll tell thee what thou art" (Cervantes)?

No wonder you ask which does Mr. Baldwin prefer, the Empire or his protégé Eden!

SUBSCRIBER.

Guildford, Surrey.

A Suggestion for the War Office

MADAM,—

I have an idea which has a patriotic object, and as I therefore believe it will be of interest to you, I am venturing to take the liberty of sending you a brief detail of it.

My idea has reference to the question of recruiting men for the Army, which is one of the Government's difficulties, and the present state of international affairs makes the question one of urgency. My idea is based on the old militia system, but with a difference, as I think that it has been found the old militia system is not now sufficiently attractive.

I would offer men the opportunity of entering the Army on a system of "approval," as it were; that is to say, they would be given the option to join the Army, say, for a term of three months, and to leave it then if they so desire. A special course should be arranged for the period, making army life as attractive as possible, so that, when the time came for the final decision as to staying on or giving it up, the balance would be in favour of the former.

From my own experience, I am convinced that the average young man joining thus voluntarily, would take to the life, finding his physique and health quickly improved, plenty of games, sport, etc., and would desire of his own accord to continue it.

At the end of the three months he would be required, if he desires to stay on, to join as a soldier in the usual way, and I believe that only a small percentage would decide otherwise. In any case, the result would be a succession of young men partially trained at least for soldiering, and should the time ever come these young men would be made far more quickly efficient than without this training. Even in the case of those who did not decide to stay in the Army, I believe many of them would later wish to return to it, after they had had a spell of civilian life, and were able to compare the two; or at least I think they would want to join the Territorials.

From every point of view I feel that this simple scheme has advantages and no disadvantages, and the decision of those who decide to remain would have its effect on other young men, who would argue to themselves that if these others can voluntarily come to such a decision after giving the Army a trial, it must have sound attractions.

I think that the option of joining for only three months would have a good response, as it would seem to offer so little risk to those who cannot make up their minds to join up for the usual longer period. The Government would be put to practically nominal expense, and in return would have the knowledge that numbers of men are at least undergoing military training.

If your Ladyship approves of the above suggestions, I would suggest that effect should be given to them in the Journal which you control—*The Saturday Review*—and the attention of the responsible Minister could then be drawn to its pages with a view to his adoption of the idea.

EDWARD LOUIS.

19, Regent's Park Terrace, N.W.1.

Compulsory Service

SIR,—Under the heading "Save the Voluntary System" the *Daily Mail* is making a patriotic endeavour to solve this problem, by means of offering prizes for solutions.

No doubt its readers will appreciate the generosity of the prizes offered, but it is improbable that a satisfactory solution will be produced by this means, any more than one may be expected through the appeals to the patriotism of employers of labour which are continually reiterated.

No one can deny that it is not fair to attempt to find a solution by an appeal to the patriotism of employers of labour. Some will respond and their business will suffer to a certain extent in consequence as compared with others less patriotically inclined.

It is submitted that whatever remedy is applied it should affect all alike. Further, it is contended that the problem has its roots in the present-day life and character of the nation. In the minds of those who have carefully studied this question one fact stands out clearly. Unpalatable though it may be, it is as well that it should be realised that as long as the able-bodied youth of Great Britain are assisted by the State to live in comparative comfort at home without any return being exacted for such assistance, so long will there be no real response to the blandishments of the Recruiting Sergeant.

Correctives are not far to seek, nor hard to apply.

Firstly, after leaving school, if he cannot obtain employment, a boy, in order to qualify for the dole, should be an apprentice. In this manner it will be ensured that he is learning some trade or another.

Secondly, those of riper years should be required to make some return in the shape of work for their Unemployment pay. In this manner will be overcome the

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

soul-destroying idea of "something for nothing" which is rapidly sapping the moral character of the nation.

Thirdly, it is admitted that in time of peace conscription is as unsuitable to British requirements as it is repulsive to British character. But compulsory training in arms, between certain ages, as part of the ordinary education of the citizen, could not prove otherwise than a valuable asset should war unhappily be forced upon us, and further, its concomitants of discipline and unselfishness could not prove otherwise than highly beneficial to national character.

(Major General) ARTHUR SOLLY-FLOOD.
Marlborough Club.

Tribute to Patriotism

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

How much longer are the people of this country going to tolerate the presence of "The Terrible Three" in the British Cabinet? I refer, of course, to "Eden the Effeminate," "Baldwin the Blunderer," and "Macdonald of Moscow."

First Eden, who, with his mischievous and futile sanctions, has made a bitter enemy of a great and formerly friendly nation to aid a gang of slave raiding, uncivilised barbarians!

Secondly Baldwin, who has not the strength of character to reach a decision of his own on any point of importance, and who, to save his own hide, brought shame on the name of a colleague.

Thirdly, and the worst of the trio, Ramsay MacDonald, a double-faced traitor to his own country, who, when kicked out of Parliament at the recent General Election, went crawling with his hat in his hand to the Scottish Universities to return him to power, when only two or three years previously he had said those same Universities should not be allowed to vote! That he was ever allowed to enter the House of Commons again was a direct insult to the voters of this country.

These are the men we are allowing to shape the future of our country and the Empire. No wonder at the tittering abroad!

God hasten the day when once again we have a Conservative Government in power, and see our beloved country back where she belongs, mighty, dominant and respected, relying for her strength, not on a decrepit, futile, tottering League of Nations (or rather the weakest of them), but on the power of her own strong right arm!

Good luck to the *Saturday Review*, and all the sanity and patriotism it, and you, its Editor, represent!

J. K. MILLS.

2, Balmoral Road,
Watford, Herts.

Our Naval Weakness

DEAR MADAM,—

As an Englishman proud of the great part that our Navy has played ever since good Queen Bess's day in defending our shores and adding to and protecting our overseas possessions, I am grateful to your ladyship for your courageous patriotism in challenging the right of our Baldwins, Edens and MacDonalds to betray our country's interests by destroying Britain's "sure shield" at the very time they are provoking the enmity of other powerful nations.

This pestiferous meddling in affairs that do not concern us would be bad enough were it not accompanied or preceded by the wilful surrender of our first line of defence, the Navy upon whose efficiency in time of war depends our very freedom from starvation.

It has been left to an Italian Duke—the Duke Gennaro Pagano di Melito—to point the moral of the grievous tale of our own Government's pacifist madness.

In a booklet he has just issued for the edification of his own countrymen, naturally very bitter over our Government's League follies, he points out that no Power need now fear Britain because her naval supremacy has ended. Britain, he says, *dare not go to war!*

If she did go to war, she might have to face the disagreeable prospect of having her food supplies cut off and her population reduced to eating "boiled grass." She would be compelled to abandon Gibraltar and Malta and the Eastern Mediterranean would be the grave of such portions of her fleet as were left there on the outbreak of hostilities.

This makes pleasant reading for all patriotic Britons, does it not? And yet one must admit that, as things are, the Italian Duke's picture of our helplessness is by no means exaggerated.

Can nothing be done to the politicians who have been guilty of this great betrayal? Surely they ought to be impeached.

R. S. JENNINGS.

Portsmouth.

Lady Houston's Latest Convert

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

In common doubtless with hundreds of others of your readers and admirers I was both delighted and amused to read the confession of Lord Newton as set out on the *Review's* cover and delivered in the course of a recent House of Lords' debate.

I was delighted because it is always gratifying that one who has sinned against the light should repent of the error of his ways and recognise truth, however belatedly.

I was amused because of the obvious astonishment underlying Lord Newton's confession. He had apparently been quite content to accept the wisdom of our so-called "National" Government's actions till his eyes were suddenly opened to the appalling state of the country's defences by "the miserable failure" of the Government's Abyssinian policy and "the complete failure" of the League of Nations.

If he had only taken the trouble to read and pay attention to the warnings you, Lady Houston, have so forcibly expressed week after week for many months past in the columns of your paper, his disillusionment would not have taken so long to be effected.

However, as you justly observe in your message of congratulation to the noble Lord, "Better Late than Never."

J. L. HAMERTON.

Worcester.

In His Own Time or Ours?

SIR,—The ineffable Mr. Baldwin has assured the nation in the latest of his philosophic discourses that he has no intention of giving up the Premiership except "in his own time."

How typical is this arrogance of our philosophic politicians who take pride in their "honesty." How autocratic Honest John Morley could be and how autocratic is Honest Stanley!

Mr. Baldwin evidently believes he is Conservative Leader and Premier by divine right. Yet, as everyone knows, he got his position as Conservative Leader by the merest chance. He was, as the late Lord Curzon declared at the time, then quite an obscure and undistinguished politician whom few people had ever heard of. And what has he done since to earn the gratitude of his Party and countrymen generally?

He has made a hash of everything he has put his hand to—from the moment of his financial mission to the United States to the present year of national disgrace when, with the greatest majority that any Prime Minister could boast, he has reduced our defences to the condition of a sixth-rate Power and allowed Mr. Eden full license to dramatise himself as the Peacemaker of Europe the while he proceeds to antagonise, at every turn of his pirouetting antics, one of our oldest friends and allies, Italy.

Is it not time that this menace to Britain's security were summarily deposed?

DESPAIRING CONSERVATIVE.

Liverpool.

New Books I Can Recommend

By the Literary Critic

NICHOLAS II, the last of the Tsars, will go down to history as one of its most tragic figures.

A good and kindly, deeply religious man, with many virtues and no vices, he deserved far better of Fate than to be marked down as the constant victim of tragedy and disaster and finally to suffer, in company with his beloved wife and children, the direst humiliation as a prelude to a brutal death at the hands of the Bolsheviks.

"Believe me," he is reported to have once said to one of his Ministers, "I am the ill-fated Tsar. And this is far more than just a premonition on my part. I am firmly convinced that painful trials will be my share and that I shall not receive any reward in this world."

Mohammed Essad-Bey, who has written a remarkably vivid and sympathetic biography of the Martyr Tsar ("Nicholas II, Prisoner of the Purple," translated, with 17 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.), comments on this utterance:

"Born on the day of the patient sufferer Job, the Tsar viewed the many tribulations imposed upon him as mystical repetitions of the agonies his patron saint had endured."

Sorrow and misfortune dogged Nicholas II throughout his life. As a child of twelve he witnessed the dying throes of his assassinated grandfather. Then came the death of his own brother, whose fatal illness was believed to be the direct consequence of an accident caused unwittingly by Nicholas himself. His marriage had to be celebrated in the gloom following his father's death. And the festivities of his coronation—ominously fixed for the "thirteenth Romanoff" on the thirteenth of the month—were to be marred by a truly terrible catastrophe: some five thousand peasants crushed to death in a sudden stampede.

Imperial Family's Last Days

No story could be more moving than that which Mohammed Essad-Bey has to tell of the last days of the Imperial family:

"There is not one single sentence—not even a solitary word—to indicate that the Tsar even permitted himself the luxury of judging his subjects. Whatever the Tsar held against his people was a matter entirely between himself and God."

"During the last few months of their incarceration everything terrestrial seemed to have been stripped from Nicholas and his family. The Empress and her daughters sang psalms; Grand Duchess Olga wrote religious poems, while Tatiana longed for the quiet of a Siberian nunnery."

"The transfiguring light of a peace, no longer of this world, surrounded the prisoners like the soft folds of an invisible shroud. The coarse-grained workmen, the drunken soldiers, the bestial House Commandant, after some time, felt irresistibly drawn toward their prisoners."

"The Red Government grew apprehensive, fearing that, just as in Tobolsk, the souls of the simple Russians in Ekaterinburg would be captured by the innate attraction which Tsarism apparently still radiated."

"Sparkenbroke"

In "The Fountain" Mr. Charles Morgan reached the halfway house on his journey towards the mystic vision. He was still crying out pitifully for that security, that "inviolability," which is forbidden to the son of man within the circle of this life, and the frustration of his hopes, the imperfection of his philosophy, inspired a book which was perhaps more aesthetically satisfying in its expression of humanity and the tragedy of existence than his latest work, "Sparkenbroke" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.).

From the artistic point of view "Sparkenbroke" suffers inevitably from defects that the earlier novel lacks. Sometimes the *dramatis personæ* step outside their parts in this world of time and space and become the mouthpieces of the author with an eloquence which would have been forbidden to them by the form of their incarnation.

On the other hand, Mr. Morgan has surpassed himself in sheer beauty of verbal expression. "Sparkenbroke" is a book to be kept by the bedside and read again and again, so that the music and felicity of its words may be savoured and enjoyed and its deep philosophical truth absorbed into the reader's being.

No longer does Mr. Morgan dash his head against the wall of reality in his search for inviolability. His whole book, centred in a poet and story-teller who lives as a stranger and a sojourner in this existence, tells of acceptance and the comprehension of the truth that art and love and death are one, because each of them sets free the spirit on its flight into that universe where there is neither time nor space nor the limitations of the flesh.

Some Other Novels

Mr. James Gould Cozzens' gifts of irony and humour find admirable scope in his latest story of twenty-four hours in the life of a much harassed, unconventional New York clergyman—"Men and Brethren" (Longmans).

There is a rare fund of delightful humour, and irony, too, in Hans Duffy's most entertaining story, "Lucasta's Wedding" (Duckworth). "Hans Duffy" is, the publishers assure us, the pseudonym of a well-known Society girl.

The Balkans are usually the background for tales of heroic adventure, but Mr. David Footman has made admirable use of them for a sprightly and entertaining comedy in "Pig and Pepper" (Heinemann).

Three young women, undergraduates at Oxford, are the central figures of Miss Mary Sturt's "Be Gentle to the Young" (Hodder & Stoughton), a clever study of the interaction of character with character.

THEATRE NOTES

"The Happy Hypocrite" His Majesty's Theatre

By Clemence Dane and Richard Ardinsell

AT first sight it would seem impossible to put Max Beerbohm's delightful fantasy on the stage, but Miss Dane has succeeded where one would have thought failure to be inevitable, and Mr. Ardinsell has tricked it out with some charming and witty music. Nor must one forget the delightful costumes and scenery devised by "Motley."

Mr. Ivor Novello was a very wicked and subsequently a very saintly Lord George Hell, though I found it more easy to believe in his saintliness than I did in his villainy. Miss Vivien Leigh acts very prettily as Jenny Mere and tackles the ballet dancing with considerable verve. Mr. Marius Goring picked his way tactfully through an exceedingly difficult part, and Mr. Stafford Hilliard was nearer to the spirit of Beerbohm than anyone else in the cast.

Miss Isabel Jeans as La Gambogi was not nearly wicked enough for my liking. Over acting in this part would have been excusable, but we were given the reverse. Mr. Maurice Colbourne's production was admirable, but I should have liked Mr. Novello to wear his mask when he encounters La Gambogi in the mask-makers.

"England Expects . . ." Embassy Theatre

By Edgar Middleton.

WITH Napoleon so much in the theatre air of late, it is seemly that Nelson should have his say. Mr. Middleton has chosen that period of his life from after the Battle of the Nile up to Trafalgar. We meet, of course, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Captain Hardy and Captain Troubridge, Lord Spencer and Sir William Hartley, and Mr. Middleton has taken pains to portray each character as faithfully as historical records will allow.

We see, indeed, a reflection of modern times for ability, efficiency, even genius, were then as often now, of no avail in the face of non-conformity with social rules and regulations. Nelson loved Emma, Lady Hamilton, and disdained secrecy and discretion in his loving. Therefore commands were withheld and retirement was forced upon him. Bitterness entered his soul, bitterness which even his dear Emma and their daughter Horatia could not entirely alleviate. After five years of seclusion Nelson is recalled to serve his beloved England once more and dies in her service aboard the "Victory."

Except that the author has made his hero take an unconscionable time in dying, he has handled this difficult theme extremely well. He is well served in his cast. Walter Hudd makes a splendidly tragic Nelson with all his strength and his weakness, while Noel Howlett's interpretation at short notice of the part of Sir William Hamilton was altogether admirable. There was, too, an excellent performance by Max Adrian in the small part of Sir William Hartley, aided and abetted by Graveley Edwards as Lord Spencer.

Margaretta Scott was not so happily cast as Lady Hamilton. Her interpretation was, to my

mind, a little too broad, thereby lacking conviction. The production was most competently handled by John Fernald.

"The Frog"

Princes Theatre

By Ian Hay, adapted from the novel by Edgar Wallace

THE combination of two such thrill-merchants as Ian Hay and the late Edgar Wallace was bound to produce a drama overflowing with exciting incident. And that is what "The Frog" unquestionably is.

It is a case of one thrill to the next in a series of quick action scenes. There are eight scenes in the first Act and nine in the second, the final scene, of course, being devoted to the complete unravelment of the mystery who this master criminal, the Frog, is, whose sinister activities have been disorganising the whole country and are even the cause of a bomb outrage in Scotland Yard itself.

It is not, however, the Frog and his myrmidons who dominate the play, but rather a representative of Scotland Yard, Detective Sergeant Elk, who in the hands of Gordon Harker becomes a veritable "card," a delightfully mirth-provoking, if determined and efficient sleuth.

Miss Christine Barry makes a charming heroine and Miss Janet Megrew a fascinating "frog" vamp. Others of the big cast who shine in their respective parts are Messrs. Jack Hawkins, Frank Pettingell, Herbert Lomas and Percy Parsons.

To those who like excitement in large doses, "The Frog" is unquestionably the play for them to see.

C.S.

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY



The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY. Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumbartonshire. — A'bert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE. Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 6 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH. NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate

BOURNE END. Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Riggs Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL. Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON. Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 3/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS. Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD. OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf fishing, racing.

CALLANDER. Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 3/7/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE. Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £1 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON. ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY. CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E. from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON. Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY. Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH. Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW. W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-. Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW. C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Cluring Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN. Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 13/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE. East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON. Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE. Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Bellingham. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE. Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE. Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK. English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANWRTYD WELLS. Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE. Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL. 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL. 55/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY. Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA. Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH. Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH. N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 30/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL. Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART. Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 6. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON. Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM. Surrey. — The Hantboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW. Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON. DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH. Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PHILLACK. Hayle, Cornwall. — Riviere Hotel. Near sea; golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

PLYMOUTH. Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK. WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RIPON. Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 84/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY. Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH. Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL. Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 8½ to 9 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist. Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Du., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE. HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER. Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TREWESBURY. Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT. Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA WATER. Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6 W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PLYMOUTH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tarif. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracandale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Concert Hall. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3-3½ gns. W.E., 10/6 daily. Excellent table.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel, Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tarif.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARCH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress. Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel, Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshelach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden, Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park, 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 28, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 156; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16. Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T. Jesmond, 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 60; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tarif.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23. Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering comfort and attention.

MISCELLANEOUS

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Indo-Afghan Tribal Disputes

A JOINT commission of inquiry began its sittings on the Indo-Afghan frontier last Sunday to settle some of the trickiest questions that have ever faced an official body.

Originally, the Commission was to have sat last June, but the disastrous Quetta earthquake upset all arrangements, and it was postponed.

Disputes in respect of murders, raids, and thefts have occurred between the Afghan and the Indian tribes on certain sections of the frontier. These have to be adjusted, and the Commission's main business is how much indemnity shall be paid by the various tribes.

There is a regular tariff for crime along this frontier, and it is believed that the Commission, which is sitting alternately at Chaman on the British side and Qila Jadid on the Afghan frontier, may be able to settle some of the long-standing blood feuds.

Most of the spade work is done by the local *jirgas*, composed of representatives from each side. The Commissioners negotiate with the *jirgas* for settlement of the various cases, which range from murder downwards.

Results are reported to the two Governments who formally confirm the findings and undertake the collection and distribution of the awards decreed by the Commission to their respective subjects.

As a result, thousands of rupees may be awarded against each side. These practically cancel out one another, so that only a few hundred rupees may change hands.

Similar joint commissions have been held on the Kurran-Khost border, and are believed to achieve the best results with the minimum of tribal trouble.

An Englishman, Major E. H. Gastrell, heads the British Commissioners.

Australia's Negotiations with Whitehall

From an Australian Correspondent

WITH Ministers back from their Easter holidays, negotiations between Dr. Earle Page and Mr. Robert Menzies and members of the British Cabinet on many matters of Anglo-Australian concern have now been resumed.

Experts of both sides have been preparing their briefs on the question of British shipping in the Pacific in the hope of an early determination of the present chaotic situation.

The Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, which some time ago

threatened to withdraw its service between Sydney and San Francisco because it could not hold out against American subsidised competition, now announces that its sailings will terminate in December.

The other British line—the Canadian-Australian service between Vancouver and Sydney—also contemplates the abandonment of a route it has served for fifty years.

I am informed that the Union Line's announcement is not likely to have any direct bearing on the decisions of the four Governments—those of Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—immediately concerned.

Nevertheless, Ministers realise that a decision which has been avoided for three years must be made soon.

The discussions between experts have reached the stage of the prospective allotment of governmental financial responsibility for any scheme of assistance.

Between Governments themselves, as well as between the shipping companies and the Governments, there are differences on policy and degrees of responsibility.

But, I understand, the Governments are agreed that they must be assured, in return for any assistance they offer, that the British lines in the Pacific will provide steamers at least equivalent in size, speed and luxury to those of the American Matson Line.

This, with its Government's help, is tending to drive the British flag off the Australia-New Zealand-California-Canada trade.

On the part of at least the Australian and New Zealand Governments, there is also a determination to ensure that no change in the future operation of the two lines across the Pacific with which they are dealing brings about any lowering in the standard of conditions for seamen.

They are at present on Australasian log-rates, enjoying better wages than seamen on British ships elsewhere.

Air transport, too, is an immediate concern of the Australian Ministers, who seek to bridge the differences between their own Cabinet and the Air Ministry on the form of the Empire air mail service to Australia.

Rather tantalisingly, perhaps, the Australian Ministers have been escorted to Rochester to see under construction the 17-ton flying-boats ordered by Imperial Airways to serve Australia next year, but which the Australian Government has rejected.

It prefers a scheme which will give Canberra a stronger voice in the management of the Australian end of the world's longest airline, and which will not deprive the lonely interior of Queensland and the Northern Territory of the main trunk line landplane services which now link it with civilisation.

There seems now to be a disposition on both sides to compromise rather than to see shattered the cherished ideas of each country as to what is best for it in commercial aviation.

The latest information obtained from Canberra by the Australian Ministers may enable them to make some progress this week.

One of the Australian negotiators opposite Lord Swinton and Sir Philip Sassoon will be Mr. Menzies. He is the Attorney-General, and none of his Cabinet duties officially embraces civil aviation.

But Australian Cabinets employ their Attorneys-General for many purposes other than the law. And, in the case of Mr. Menzies, there has developed a tendency on the part of his Ministerial colleagues, as a Sydney newspaper unkindly says, to "leave it to Bob."

Kenya Going Ahead

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

WHATEVER the loud-mouthed critics of Kenya may say, the country seems to be emerging from her chrysalis stage.

Naturally a young colony feels a world depression more than an old one, and instead of being startled that sundry farmers have gone under, one should be surprised that many are left.

Those who have survived obviously retain the British capacity for hanging on—if only by their overdrafts!

As proof of Kenya's capacity for recovery one may point out that the last week in February saw the Railway earn the record sum of £66,581; the previous record of April, 1920, *pre-depression era*, being beaten by over £2,000.

Another tangible proof of the faith of men in the country is shown by the recent sale of Government farms.

The bidding was lively and the prices good—in seven cases the upset price being comfortably exceeded.

Yet a third proof of faith is to be found in the Royal Agricultural Society, whose finances are again in order and who have a small credit balance.

The Colony has ended its financial year with a *surplus*, proving thereby that it is capable of living within its income in spite of everything.

The popular fallacy that help is given only to the whites is once more exposed by an examination of the estimates and the revenue figures.

On the other hand, while those in England press for the rapid development of countless services, especially those for natives, they conveniently forget that these have to be paid for by the Colony. They are prone to saddle Kenya with vast "overheads"

and then jeer when the budget is unbalanced or appear horrified when Great Britain is asked to assist.

The majority of farmers in Kenya were under capitalised when they started, and the world depression, coinciding with exceptional drought and visitations of locusts, would have downed a less determined breed.

To-day climatic conditions are again favourable, and the powers of recovery of the farmers and the land are not only amazing, but swift as can be seen by examination of veld that appeared devoid of grass even a year ago.

One of the industries that has gone ahead most rapidly and successfully is tea. Yet so little is heard about it. Pyrethrum is another budding crop which needs a high altitude to do well, so it flourishes in Kenya. It is used as the basis of all insecticides and doubtless all good Britishers will prefer to kill British fleas, gnats, and mosquitoes, etc., with Empire-grown pyrethrum!

Taking into consideration all these facts, it is not so surprising that Major Cawthorn emphasised that Kenya was an excellent country in which to settle, in spite of its many problems and lack of official encouragement.

Malta and Mars

By G. Delap Stevenson

AFTER some uneasy experiment with a constitution Malta is now to return to Crown Colony government.

A bill to that effect has just been introduced in the Lords, but in any case the constitution has actually been in suspension since November, 1933.

The disturbances of modern politics are, however, a small thing to a country which has known so much history as Malta.

It saw the beginnings of civilisation in the Mediterranean, and there are prehistoric remains which date back centuries before the time when the island became a Phœnician colony.

It is essentially a soldiers' country. Ever since Rome and Carthage fought it has been a strategic point to be held, first by one power and then by another, in great and fundamental struggles.

The Maltese themselves have always been ready enough to take part, but the quarrels in which Malta has been involved have been far beyond the scope of its small population. The islands' whole importance has been as a fort for strangers.

First Carthage ruled and then Rome, and after the Romans the Arabs came.

They in turn were driven out by the ubiquitous Normans and Malta became what it was to be till modern times, an outpost of European

Christianity against the Moslem East.

For some time Malta was under the ruler of Aragon, and then it was handed over to the Knights of St. John.

This was a kind of international government which worked before any League of Nations' Commissions were dreamed of.

The Knights ruled in Malta from the early sixteenth century until the end of the eighteenth and their chief business was to hold the Mediterranean against the Turks.

With the Napoleonic Wars, Malta became important in a new struggle. It was first taken by the French and then finally by the British.

As Malta has always been, so it is still to-day under the British, a garrison and a base. It is still a base facing the East, though now it is a guardhouse on a trade route rather than an outpost.

Its present rulers look much further than the Levant, for the British Navy goes on from Malta to India, the Far East and the Pacific.

Malta, and its satellite island of Gozo, are in themselves poor and the Navy is, therefore, an important source of wealth, many Maltese being employed in the dockyards.

The tourist industry is now also being developed, and it is hoped that Malta will become a place to which people will retire, or where they will live for part of the year. It has a fine climate. The Maltese are skilful workmen and there are various old peasant crafts. Pipe making, however, is a new industry recently started, and a Maltese pipe was praised by the King at the British Industries Fair.

In their usual way the British have encouraged education and representative institutions.

The first attempt at a constitution was given in 1887, but this was repealed in 1903.

The constitution, which is now being revoked, was inaugurated in 1921 as a kind of reward for the war services of the Maltese.

The language is the great bone of contention in both politics and education.

The Nationalists, led by Sir Ugo Mifsud, demand that Italian shall be used, and are backed by Italian speaking lawyers.

The British Government, however, maintains that Maltese (the language understood by the bulk of the population), and English shall be the basic languages both in the schools and the law courts.

Rhodesia and the Empire

"Rhodesia as 706 gold mines and spends 75 per cent. of its money in the Empire."—Mr. Lanigan O'Keeffe High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, speaking in Leicester.

Herrings for the Middle East

BY means of propaganda and publicity, the Herring Industry Board is seeking to establish the popularity of the wholesome British herring in our spheres of influence in the Middle East.

The great Levant Fair opens at Tel-Aviv in a few days time, which attracts hundreds of thousands of buyers from Palestine and Arabia—and thousands of pounds change hands.

One of the most important British exhibits will be the Herring Industry Board stand, which will be in charge of Mr. Andrew Buchan, a Scottish fishery officer.

The exhibits will consist of herrings in barrels, salted herrings, red herrings in boxes, tinned red herrings, and in fact, every kind of herring.

A consignment of specially packed ungutted herrings has also been sent out for experiment. It is hoped to find some method that will preserve the fish in its fresh state even in the heat of the Arabian desert.

Once this problem is solved—how to keep the fresh herring fresh in very hot climates—the fish will be extensively marketed in many of our overseas possessions, and unemployment in the fisheries at home will be correspondingly relieved.

In order to impress the Jewish and Arabic populations, a booklet has been printed in three languages—Hebrew, Arabic and English—setting out the merits of the herring.

Special recipes are given, and the high nutritive value of the fish is stressed.

At the moment, there is a small market for red herrings in Arabia, where they are looked upon as a luxury if eaten raw. The red herring, which is smoked for days over a slow oak-sawdust fire, can look after itself in the blazing heat of the desert; the problem is how to preserve the other varieties, such as the bloater and kipper, which are not so highly cured.

There is a tariff against herrings in many of the markets the Board seeks to open, but this, it is hoped, will be lowered once the cheapness and food value of the fish has been demonstrated.

That the organisers' dream of a day when every nomad in Arabia will carry a kipper in his saddle bag to vary the monotony of a diet of dates is a commercial rather than a romantic fancy. One obstacle that occurs to a dispassionate mind is that kippers are thirsty food for desert travel. But a science that has almost eliminated cooking odour from kippers doubtless could, at need, produce a method of curing suitable for waterless lands.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Prince Henry the Navigator,
Opener of the Oceans

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE share of Englishmen in the exploration of the outer world and the setting of the stage on which the British Empire was to rise in later centuries, did not fully begin until the Portuguese and Spanish explorers had been at work for many years.

But in a very real sense England has a claim to be remembered in connection with the achievements of the man who first of all among Western Europeans pointed the way to new lands across the ocean.

Christendom during the Middle Ages was shut up as in a prison between the Moslem world of the east and a trackless and unexplored ocean to the west, and men felt cramped in a narrow sphere from which they could not escape.

The way out was shown to them by the inspiration and far-sighted vision of Henry, Infante of Portugal, whom we commonly call the "Navigator."

To this work he devoted all his possessions and his life, and for nearly fifty years from the time when as a very young man he played a daring part in the capture of the citadel of Ceuta from the Moors (1415) and so began the opening-up of Africa, until his death when the way to Guinea was fully revealed, he never ceased to inspire his servants with his own religious and scientific zeal for exploration.



Prince Henry the Navigator, from the contemporary MS. of the *Chronicles of Azurara*

Our knowledge of Prince Henry and what he aspired to do are mainly derived from the *Chronicles of the Conquest of Ceuta* and of the *Discovery of Guinea* by Gomes Eannes de Azurara of which a new edition by Senhora Virginia de Castro e Almeida has just appeared.

The second of these *Chronicles* is naturally of the greater interest for the history of exploration, but it cannot be fully appreciated without reference to the *Chronicle of Ceuta* which tells the earlier story of Prince Henry's life and how he came to take up his task of inspiration.

The *Chronicle of the Discovery of Guinea* exists in a single manuscript that was discovered in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris in 1837.

There must have been other copies but it was the later policy of the Portuguese kings to cover the story of their discoveries with a mantle of secrecy, and so we are reduced to a unique source for the life of him who founded their colonial empire.

The manuscript is finely illuminated and includes a contemporary portrait of the Prince, which Senhora de Castro says is the only one extant. We reproduce it here, but as a matter of fact, there is another portrait in the great contemporary painting by Nuno Gonçalves which was long preserved in the Cathedral of Lisbon and is now in the Lisbon Art Museum.

The two portraits bear a close resemblance and so we can be assured that we know what the Infante was like.

In the last years of the fourteenth century Portugal passed under the rule of a new dynasty founded by a great king, John I, who won his way to the throne with much English aid.

He married Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was son of our King Edward III.

She was a woman of strong character and great ability who passed on her fervent piety to her sons.

Henry was especially devout and as Grand Master of the Order of Christ pledged himself to devote his life to the extension of Christendom.

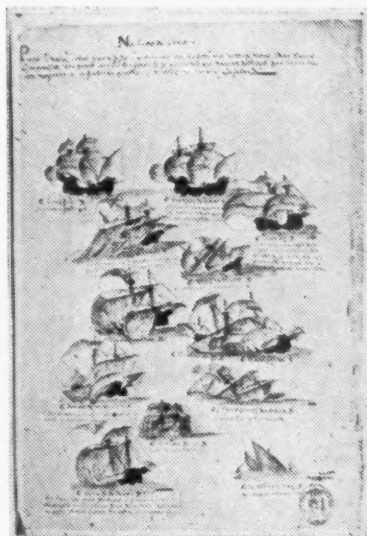
After his first exploits at the conquest of Ceuta he settled at Sagres, almost the southernmost point of Portugal where Cape St. Vincent looks out south and west to the ocean.

There he set himself to plan and organise expeditions to get round the flank of the Moors and reach the lands of the negroes in Guinea by sea.

His squires and ship-masters gradually found their way across to

"Conquests and Discoveries of Henry the Navigator, being the *Chronicles of Azurara*."

Edited by Virginia de Castro e Almeida: translated by Bernard Miall, Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.



Portuguese exploring ships of the 15th century, from drawings of the time

the Azores and the Madeira islands where Henry founded colonies, and down the coast of Africa to the Senegal and on nearly to Sierra Leone.

Their stories are told with the truth and simplicity of real, primitive romance and nothing of a secondary sort can equal the charm and attractiveness of the *Chronicles* themselves.

These ought to be better known as the monuments of one, who as the son of Queen Philippa may be claimed as one of the forerunners of our Empire.

A Federal Africa?

"TIME will bring about a federated British Africa, with the Union and Rhodesia working together for the mutual advantage of the two countries. Any attempt to force the issue will only have undesirable results."

Mr. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, made this important statement recently at the Johannesburg agricultural show and added, "A forced partnership would be an unhappy partnership."

He also referred to the new Customs Agreement as bringing about a state of divorce between the Union and Southern Rhodesia. This agreement embodies further restrictions on the exports of Rhodesia's principle products.

As a result, the Agreement is to have the special attention of the Union Government, especially as the majority of Rhodesians, including the Minister of Agriculture, share the Prime Minister's views.

What is Breaking Point ?

By Our City Editor

THE City has received a rude shock over the Budget. What was expected to be a most uninteresting affair has turned out to contain interest of the most personal kind, summarised in an increase of 3d. in the standard rate of Income Tax. Mr. Neville Chamberlain points proudly to the Government's cheap money policy, the debt conversions which have placed us in our present relatively favourable financial position, and announces an increase in the direct taxation of those whom he has already brought into the direst financial straits! Unfortunately, the 3d. increase in income tax seems but the thin end of the 6d. wedge which is to be driven home next year, and the increase of the marriage and child allowances are almost an addition of insult to injury, since they are primarily a vote-catching device. The imposition of 2d. a pound on tea is a trivial and somewhat contemptible addition to taxation, but the major question which arises is the extent to which expenditure can be carried and what constitutes breaking-point for the unfortunate taxpayer and for industry.

That defence expenditure in vast amounts would have to be met was obvious from the moment the Government allowed the country's forces to fall into neglect and that a portion of this expenditure—the major portion—should now be funded by a long-term loan seems justifiable. But a country cannot for ever meet increased expenditure by heavier taxation, and if the Government does not soon realise the necessity for meeting expenditure in one direction by economy in another, then financial collapse will ensue. The obvious way to provide for defence is to curtail the less essential social services. The continual pressure of taxation, in increasing volume, upon the investor and salaried or pensioned man will lead either to his extinction or to his becoming a speculator—and it must be confessed that capital profits appear even more attractive than before with War Loan yielding 3 per cent. and income tax at 4s. 9d. in the £.

Imperial Chemicals

The report and balance-sheet of Imperial Chemical Industries are of national interest, despite the fact that the profits for the past year have already been announced. The combine achieved record profits last year at £8,352,430, reserve and depreciation funds each receiving £1,000,000, as in the previous year, while the ordinary dividend is 8 per cent. for the year once again.

Eagle Star Capital

The Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company's results for the past year make a good showing with increased profits from underwriting and higher investment income. The total brought in from the departments is £308,777 against £208,933 in the previous year and interest income amounts to an additional £280,431, against £186,787 while investment profits total £56,111 against £60,382. The poor return on Motor business is exemplified by the profit of £17,662 on premiums of £1,465,000 but Fire account produces £70,139 against £45,825 in the previous year. The cost of the life business acquired by the company has been written off all but £145,000 and income from these accounts in the past year was £72,275. The dividend was raised to 25 per cent. for the year, against 22½ per cent., and this rate is maintained in the current interim. The directors now consider that investment opportunities justify the employment of further capital and they propose to increase the capital to £5,500,000 by the creation of 144,044 additional ordinary shares of £3 each and a portion of the new shares will be issued as favourable opportunity offers.

(Continued on page 543)

COMPANY MEETING

ARMY & NAVY STORES

IMPROVEMENT IN EVERY SECTION

The annual general meeting of the Army & Navy Stores, Limited, was held on Wednesday last, on the Company's premises, Westminster, London, S.W.

Brig.-Gen. Sir Frederick Gascoigne, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., who presided said that he was glad to be able again to report a satisfactory increase in the turnover, which had resulted in increased profits brought about not only by the increased turnover, but by various economies which had been established without loss of efficiency. The increase had been contributed to by nearly every section of the business both in money value and number of orders which, as there had been no abnormal conditions to account for it, it might reasonably be hoped would continue at a gradually increasing ratio, provided that no outside influences caused a check. The balance available for distribution was £235,742, and it was proposed to pay a final dividend of 10d. per share, making a total dividend of 12½ per cent., or the same as last year. There would remain to be carried forward £123,173, or £2,207 more than last year.

With regard to their London stores, generally speaking, the board were proposing to make it a brighter and more convenient shopping place whilst maintaining the atmosphere of dignity and lack of rush and bustle which, he believed, their members genuinely liked and appreciated. He had referred last year to the greater facilities in the way of improved telephone service and increased motor deliveries they were giving to those living in the outer suburbs and the Home Counties. Those efforts had been fully justified, and more and more members resident in those districts were realising the economy and convenience of dealing with the Stores for the greater portion of their daily needs.

As to the current year, nearly three months had gone and their progress continued. Without prophesying, he would express the confident hope that unless anything unforeseen occurred, the board would be able to show even better results at the end of the current year, and he relied confidently on the support of the shareholders to see that that hope was fulfilled.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £50,890,000

Total Income exceeds £10,476,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

(Continued from page 542)

tinuity arises and at a price attractive to the shareholders. In view of the excellent investment results of the past year, shareholders will no doubt be only too glad to subscribe further capital for remunerative employment.

Army and Navy Stores

Further improvement in profits is reported by the Army and Navy Stores for the year to January 26th last, gross profits amounting to £660,296 as against £627,886 for 1934-35, while net profits were £148,943, against £129,853. The dividend is again 12½ per cent., the sum of £25,000, against nil, being placed to reserve for development and improvements, and £123,173 carried forward against £120,966 brought into the accounts. The company has always maintained an eminently sound cash position and now the cash item amounts to £101,000, while securities at market value total £856,400. The results of the Army and Navy Stores are a most useful guide to the progress of high-class retail trade.

COMPANY MEETING

EAGLE, STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY

INCREASED PROFITS, ASSETS AND DIVIDEND

INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

PRESIDING at the Annual General Meeting of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on Tuesday last, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said they continued to feel the increasing prosperity of the country and he thought they would agree the results of the past year were good.

Life Department

The Life Department had shown excellent and progressive results. New policies were issued numbering 2,454 for sums assured of £2,854,936, of which £100,256 was reassured and £2,754,680 retained. These figures compared with £2,404,263 retained in 1934, an increase of £350,417. Their Life business was confined to the United Kingdom, with a trifling exception in South Africa. The current Life Assurance and Annuity Funds expanded during the year by over £411,000 and now stood at £6,357,479, while the premium income of the Current Fund exceeded that of last year by over £19,000. The average rate of interest earned was £4 4s. 4d. per cent., after deduction of Income Tax, which he was sure they would consider favourable.

The number of schemes handled by their Group Life and Group Pensions Department continued to increase. For several years the number of new schemes had exceeded the previous year's figures and 1936 had started extremely well. The valuations of the two Closed Funds of the Eagle and English & Scottish were made at December 31st last, with very good results. In the case of the Eagle Fund, the surplus revealed enabled the declaration of a simple reversionary bonus at the remarkable rate of 10 per cent. per annum, whilst in the English & Scottish Fund a compound bonus of 3 per cent. had been declared. The bonuses allotted to English & Scottish policies since the date of the amalgamation with the Eagle, Star Company ranged from 75 per cent. to 95 per cent. of the sums assured and bonuses existing at that time. As would be seen from the Profit and Loss Account, the Shareholders' proportion of the profits from these Funds recently declared amounted to £72,275.

Fire Department

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £808,087. The incurred loss ratio was 40 per cent., the ratio to premiums earned being 39.77 per cent. These percentages were 2.76 per cent. and 3.11 per cent. lower than in 1934. The profit for the year was £70,139, or 8.68 per cent. of the premium income, the total reserve being £423,235, which amounted to 52.37 per cent. of the premiums.

Accident and General Departments

In the Accident Department, after providing for claims paid and outstanding and setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks in connection

with the ordinary annual premium income, £8,809 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

In the General Insurance Department the premiums amounted to £424,118, an increase of £26,000. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to £117,080, and after setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. in respect of unexpired risks, the sum of £110,676 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account. These results were the best the Company had so far experienced in the General Account.

In the Motor Department the premium income amounted to £1,465,318, which showed an increase of £322,271. After providing for the outstanding claims and the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks, the sum of £17,661 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account. These results proved that the public were being extremely well catered for and were getting their insurance at approximately cost price or under.

Marine Department

In the Marine Department they were able to transfer to Profit and Loss Account the sum of £25,000 and the Marine Fund at the end of the year stood at £399,675, which equalled the very satisfactory percentage of 145.58 per cent. of the premium income.

Profit and Loss Account

The Credit Balance brought in from last year was £214,138 and the net interest on investments amounted to £230,431. Trusteeship and other fees were £6,816 and the net profit on the sale of investments totalled £56,111. The Shareholders' proportion of the Eagle and English & Scottish Funds Valuation profits was £72,275, which, with the profits from the various trading departments, £236,502, made a grand total of £816,273.

After providing for British and other Taxation and Expenses not charged elsewhere, they had paid an increased dividend on the Ordinary Shares of 25 per cent., which, with the dividends on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary Shares, absorbed £228,426 net. It would be thus seen that the total dividend on all classes of shares was more than covered by the net interest from investments alone and more than twice by the total net profits.

Of the balance remaining they decided to write off the cost of Life Businesses acquired the sum of £100,000, reducing that item now to £145,000, and to transfer £100,000 on account of provision for Pensions, leaving a credit balance to be carried forward of £257,264, being an increase of £43,127 on the amount brought in.

The total premium income for 1935 amounted to £4,089,433, as compared with £3,774,535 in 1934, an increase of £314,898, while the total assets of the Company and its subsidiaries stood at £23,691,499, an increase of £1,057,387.

The Ordinary Shareholders had received a Notice convening an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company to be held that day, the object of which was to give the Directors powers to issue additional Ordinary Shares, the powers of the Directors to issue new shares now being nearly exhausted. It was the intention of the Board to issue in the immediate future part of those new shares on terms which, in their opinion, would be advantageous to the present Shareholders. As probably they were aware, the Directors were amongst the largest Ordinary Shareholders themselves.

In conclusion, he stated the financial position of the Company was outstandingly strong, that the new year had opened very promisingly and that he looked forward with every confidence to the future.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and the retiring Directors having been re-elected and the Auditors re-appointed, the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the Chairman, Directors, Officials and the Staff.

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Ordinary Shareholders subsequently held, the resolutions authorising the increase of capital by the creation of 144,044 Ordinary Shares of £3 each to rank *pari passu* with the existing Ordinary Shares was approved. The total authorised share capital will then stand at £5,500,000. The fully subscribed Capital will be £5,245,049, the paid up Capital £3,088,439, and the Reserve Fund approximately £2,450,000.

CINEMA

A Tale of Two Cities

BY MARK FORREST

I CANNOT remember how many times *A Tale of Two Cities* has been made into a film, and the probability is that the M.G.M. version at the Empire will not be the last, for it has yet to be done in colour. The story is, of course, grand popular entertainment, and it was immediately apparent to me that the hearts of women have undergone no radical change in the last half century, when white handkerchiefs popped out all around to show the surrender of their holders, as Sydney Carton prepares to die in place of his adored one's husband.

The trouble with Dickens seems to me to be that most of his heroines lack both intuition and a sense of humour and, though *A Tale of Two Cities* is an odd horse in the stable, Lucie is cut out on the familiar pattern. In casting Elizabeth Allan for this rôle the film company made a wise choice; it is a thankless part but one which demands a virginal appearance from the player if it is to carry any conviction at all. Elizabeth Allan looks as sweet and pure as even the author could have wanted and, if she seems insipid, that is hardly her fault. Edna May Oliver, as Miss Pross, has a part after her own heart, and she extracts every bit of acid humour out of one of Dickens' best characters. While she is on the screen the tale becomes alive, and the shadow of that pregnant sentence—"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have known"—grows less.

The Weak Point

Basil Rathbone's St. Evremond is a nice malicious study, and there is nothing much amiss with the Jerry Cruncher or the Mr. Lorry. Ronald Colman wanders amiably through the part of Sydney Carton and is so pleasant, even when drunk, that Lucie's preference for Darney seems more unnatural than ever.

From the cinematic point of view, however, the picture fails just where one would have expected it to succeed. It is a tale of one city rather than of two, and the scenes of the revolution lack both spirit and imagination. The progression of the fitful thunder, and the approach of the lightning flickering afar are hardly realised at all; it is as if the director thought the storming of the Bastille a mere incident beside Lucie's tears.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

The gayest film of the season!

MARTA EGGERTH in

"LIEBESMELODIE" (A)

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

BROADCASTING

No Emergency Exit for Listeners

BY ALAN HOWLAND

ONCE again this year we are privileged to welcome the B.B.C.'s Summer Programme Policy. The mainstay of this policy, as we already know, is that during the early part of the evening the same programme is broadcast on both wavelengths. This Machiavelian scheme achieves two objects, both of which are dear to the heart of all B.B.C. officials: it saves money and it infuriates the listening public.

The theory on which the plan is based is that fewer people listen to the programmes during the summer than during the winter. Using this doubtful fact as a premise the B.B.C., with a lofty disdain for logic, decides that the people who are listening should have only one programme.

False Economy

I could easily be persuaded that, if it is a fact that most loud-speakers are deserted in the early part of the summer evenings, it would be entirely reasonable to close down both wave-lengths for a couple of hours each day, but if both wave-lengths are to be in operation all the time it is obvious that they should broadcast different programmes. The Regional Scheme, as I understand it, was devised, not because the number of licence-holders was increasing, but to meet the divergencies of taste which exist among any given number of listeners, however small.

It is utterly ridiculous to suppose that whereas seven million listeners are entitled to a choice of two programmes, three and a half million will all be satisfied with one.

Not only is it false logic, it is false economy, since the programme pundits are encouraged to over-spend in the winter secure in the knowledge that they can take it out of the British public in the summer.

Plan Ahead

It should not be beyond the powers of even B.B.C. officials to devise a programme policy which would ensure an output of even quality on two wave-lengths for twelve months at a time. Such a policy would no doubt mean that we should have to forego the pleasure of hearing the latest epoch-making work written by a Latvian hairdresser and scored for full orchestra, two brass bands, five pneumatic drills and a vacuum cleaner, but such performances bring to most of us only a transitory joy and we would, if approached in the right spirit, be unselfish enough to do without them.

These and other sacrifices we should be prepared to make, but we must have two wave-lengths, one to listen to and the other to get away from, and of the two the latter is the more important.